JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1964

3D EVERY THURSDAY

RUNNING SERVICES ON THE CHEAP By The EDITOR

SEA FLEAS BITE THE BOMBERS

BRITAIN AFTER THE WAR by A.G.G.

SHE WAS LAST IN THE QUEUE

OH DEAR, I HOPE THE FISH WON'T ALL BE GONE! I'M AWFULLY LATE—I'VE BEEN BOILING A HUGE WASH
D'YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU BOIL THE WASH?
OF COURSE! I LIKE TO GET IT CLEAN!
BUT BOILING ISN'T NECESSARY! WITH THE RINSO METHOD YOU SOAK THE CLOTHES CLEAN IN 12 MINUTES TRY IT NEXT WEEK!
A WEEK LATER
WELL, I'LL GIVE THAT METHOD A TRIAL— SOAK FOR 12 MINUTES, THEN WASH THROUGH AND RINSE
IT'S AMAZING—I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT!
I'VE JUST GOT SOME LOVELY COD! THANKS EVER SO FOR THAT TIP ABOUT THE NO-BOIL WASH
GRAND! AND DON'T FORGET TO WASH YOUR FINE THINGS AND WOOLLIES IN COOL RINSO SUDS
RINSO

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons

R 3196-414 R. S. Hudson Limited

You can replace the stopper..

we can't!

Bulmer's Bottle Stoppers are made of precious rubber and if lost cannot be renewed. To help conserve vital stocks of rubber and at the same time maintain your supplies of Bulmers, please see that the stoppers are returned to your Dealer with all 'empties.'

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER AND CO., LTD., HEREFORD.

reynolds

Children need a satisfying drink at meal-time

So many meal-time drinks contain no nourishment at all. But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way *sugar* does); and iron to tone up the blood. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your family's meal-time drink from now on.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

is unrationed—grocers everywhere have it

On Active Service

Electricity is fighting on every front

After the war electricity will be proud to go on serving those who are now contributing to victory. Do your part now by saving all the fuel you can.

EBD

MEMO FOR MUM!

You can buy continued health for your child at any welfare centre or distributing centre. In exchange for a few pence and the coupons in your child's ration book you can get his orange juice and cod liver oil.

Don't get just the orange juice and forget about the cod liver oil — one is just as necessary as the other. Think of orange juice and cod liver oil together as you think of pepper and salt, oil and vinegar, mustard and cress. Think of them as *the two-part health scheme which your baby needs.*

WHY *babies and children should have orange juice*

Orange juice contains vitamin C, a vitamin we are apt to go short of in wartime. Vitamin C keeps the blood healthy. Lack of it makes for crossness and may lead to flabby tissues. *Three teaspoonfuls of concentrated orange juice in water daily supply a child with the necessary amount of vitamin C. Less is sufficient for babies under 6 months.*

WHY *babies and children should have cod liver oil*

National cod liver oil compound contains vitamins A and D — vitamins that babies and children are likely to go short of. Vitamin A raises the power of resistance to infection. Vitamin D fixes the calcium in the bones. A shortage of this vitamin means rickets, badly formed bones, bad teeth. *Every baby from a month old should have a teaspoonful of cod liver oil or its equivalent every day.*

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 186

"After you, Mummy, with our Palmolive"
Ever since her first bath it has been "our" Palmolive. Already she shares her mother's love of its rich, velvety, olive-oil lather. One day she will share her mother's knowledge that it preserves the natural loveliness of the skin — keeps her "Schoolgirl Complexion" all over.
4d. Including Tax

PALMOLIVE

THE CONDITIONER OF CHAMPIONS

—of all breeds—will keep *your* dog in first class fettle. Benbow's has been used by leading Kennels for 109 years, and among its many outstanding successes it numbers 52 Waterloo Cup Winners. Its action is so gentle that it can be given to the most delicate dog.

AT CHEMISTS AND CORN MERCHANTS

BENBOW'S

DOG MIXTURE

'Keep it Going'

WAIT FOR IT!

We've run out of copies of 'Keep it Going', our little 6d. book on the upkeep of radio sets.

However, the Wise and Good Paper Controller has decided to let us print some more. That will take us three or four weeks, but by late in February we hope all our dealers will have fresh supplies.

Meanwhile *some* of them still have a few copies left, so you may be lucky.

MURPHY RADIO

C. R. Cassell. 153

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 5, 1944, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

● It was always said that ex-Service applicants for pensions were given the benefit of any doubt.

Yet now we hear that of the first 746 appeals to the new Pensions Appeal Tribunals 195—or some 27½ per cent.—have succeeded.

A lesson to the thousands of applicants whose claims were rejected. Large numbers of them were not only denied the benefit of the doubt—they were denied simple justice.

NOW WE KNOW

Therefore men whose claims were rejected by the Ministry before August 16 last should write to the Ministry at Norcross, Blackpool, asking for reconsideration, and, failing satisfaction, should exercise their right of appeal to the Pensions Appeal Tribunal.

They may belong to the cheated 27½ per cent.!

raight from the Shoulder

CRITICAL DAYS

NE of the military and diplomatic turning points of the war has been reached.

In Italy the enemy has n outwitted, outgeneralled, and jockeyed. Not only Rome but the centre of the country are the es of the decisive operations now progress.

dder Model

he air support given to Alexander is unting to a peak effort. Why Tedder so long in returning to Britain for Second Front appointment is that he ained for consultation with his cessor. General Spaatz—and the ults are already apparent.

a month, 29,000 sorties have been n over Italy and 9,000 tons of bombs pped on the enemy.

here couldn't have been better ound work" for the Fifth Army's liant landing!

here and When?

erhaps there will be more surprises. he Germans are openly discussing the pects of an Anglo-American jump ss the Adriatic—from Italy to the kans.

uch a move could still be a surprise. as in Italy, we might land where we e not expected.

e Russians, Too?

nother Balkan bogy is scaring the tonic mind—the possibility of a sian seaborne attack on the Bulan or Rumanian Black Sea coasts.

ccording to reports from Turkey, the my is taking "serious military defen- precautions."

ck from Leningrad

n Russia itself a further offensive e towards Odessa and the Rumanian tier is likely.

round Leningrad the Germans are in eat towards the Estonian border. the Finns fear that our triumphant may strike northwards as well as wards.

Joke

or the Russians have become rather oved with the shelling of Leningrad n Finnish positions; it has gone on thirty months too long!

ney are now free to deal with the ance. The city's defenders are lable for land action; the Red Fleet he Baltic can sweep the southern es of Finland, and in a few weeks' the ice will break up even in the of Finland and thus permit amphis operations.

ssed the Boat

he Finns may at long last try to back ot the war. But they have left it late.

talin showed them some generosity in Spring of 1940. He was willing to receive a straightforward official approach at any time during the last three years. He cannot be expected to be quite so accommodating now.

Change of Mind?

The Argentine has acted only just in time. For the U.S.A. was in favour of economic sanctions against her unless she climbed down from the Axis perch, and Mr. Eden might not have demurred much longer.

Her eleventh-hour move is none the less welcome and useful. We should soon see whether it signifies not only a change of attitude but a change of mind.

Next on the List

Now we must deal with the pro-Nazi dictatorship of Bolivia.

No doubt she is anxiously studying the Argentine's example. An emphatic demand from the United Nations might well bring her quickly into line with the rest of South America.

Words With Franco

Our Foreign Office is even hardening its heart against General Franco. The Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of Alba, will be able to tell his master in Madrid that London objects not only to bombs in oranges but much else besides.

And what we say should go. For though we need certain materials from Spain, it is only by courtesy of the Royal Navy that Spain obtains the oil and coal she could not do without.

America's action sets us an example.

No Victor

At last, too, we must adopt a clear policy for Italy. King Victor is anxious to return to Rome, not perhaps as a victor but certainly as a king. But should he obtain our support for his ramshackle throne? Is his henchman, Badoglio, the only Italian capable of leading a government with which we can deal?

Surely we have the right to insist that, if democratic Italians will not co-operate with Badoglio, then he must give way to a less tainted leader!

Going, Going—

Fortunately, the end of the present muddy and muddled mess in Yugoslav politics now seems within sight.

Few people except Mihailovitch will be sorry to witness the departure of the reactionary government that has squabbled in Cairo for the last few months.

Fear of Idleness

In America, you may be surprised to hear, people are worrying about the same thing as the British—unemployment.

So we are assured by Jim Griffiths, M.P., on his return from the rich New World. He adds:

"There are but two courses open to both countries—either a scramble for markets, with the certainty of another war, or international co-operation to link the world's increased productive capacity with the world's needs."

It Must Be Done

One more quotation: "If countries can pool their resources for war, it should not be beyond the capacity of the statesmen of the world to do the same thing for peace."

That may sound like an extract from an issue of JOHN BULL. But that, too, was said by Jim Griffiths. And to all thinking people—including statesmen—it should make plain sense.

Richer than Ever

Let us have no more predictions of Britain emerging poverty-stricken from this war!

We have the machines. We have the men. We shall get the materials if the proper use of the world's resources is planned.

And we have the chance to make not only ourselves but all the peoples of the earth richer than ever before—thereby to abolish unemployment and the economic causes of war.

Hurry!

But our arrangements must be made well in advance. There is no longer time to lose.

A good start towards tiding the world over the transition period is represented by UNRRA. But, as Mr. Greenwood wisely said last week, UNRRA's task in helping the peoples of the liberated countries must lead to the broader plans hinted at in the Atlantic Charter.

Illiterate India

The attitude of Britain's own leaders does not encourage hope. Thus, there is the prospect of another famine in India. And the greatest social reform ever devised for that country—a free education for the mainly illiterate population of 400,000,000—is in danger of being shelved.

Yet it would cost only £7,500,000 in the first year. Britain spends more than that, much more, in a day.

On the Land

Look at our own land! It is the subject of a first-class quarrel between Government and farmers.

The Government, having accepted the Hot Springs resolutions, has given the farmers a four-years' guarantee to gain time in which to work out the details.

But we can't wait four years for a real food-and-agricultural policy. The sooner it is produced, the less mistrustful will be the farmers.

Winter Drought

Incidentally, it will have to be associated with other long-due reforms. For example, the serious water shortage is now threatening to spoil this year's fruit crop in the Vale of Evesham.

Both for farms and mighty cities, a water grid for Britain should be considered as necessary as the electricity and gas grids.

Short Sight

Take another brief item of news: The L.M.S. is proposing to close some of its canals after the war. And then consider Mr. Noel-Baker's depressing speech on the future of our roads—a statement which made it clear that the Government hasn't a real transport policy at all.

But how can we become a prosperous nation if our transport system remains antiquated?

"Must" is the Word

Plainly, all forms of transport should be co-ordinated under a Ministry of Communications.

This *must* be done to obtain efficient distribution.

Similarly, the coal industry *must* be controlled, completely and fairly, if mining and all the subsidiary by-producting of coal are to be made efficient.

Prospect for Oil

Again, we *must* have an international plan for the fair and proper allocation of the world's oil.

We *must* agree about currency; money must be a sensible part of the world's economic framework instead of a capricious and bloated tyrant.

Otherwise

In short, all the basic raw materials must be internationally controlled and justly distributed; the finished products must be made available to all.

Otherwise the peace will not bring full employment to any country. It will not even be a real peace. It will be no better than the chaotic and idiotic breathing-space between 1918 and 1939.

(Continued overleaf)

"I LOST A GREAT HUSBAND AND FRIEND"

While waiting for a 'bus to take him to work during a recent raid Mr. G. A. Russell, of 19, Park Side Gardens, London, S.W.19, was killed by blast from a bomb which fell near by. In acknowledging "John Bull's" cheque his widow writes: "Your cheque will help me a great deal for I lost a great husband and friend."

JOHN BULL offers a Free Air Raid Insurance (underwritten at Lloyd's) to Fire Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, Home Guards—in fact, to every civilian reader.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

IT'S getting time we heard from the Minister of War Transport again. He and his spokesmen are conscientious enough in giving us little publicity puffs about what's been done on the roads and railways.

But they are as silent as sphinxes on what's *going to be done*. It's the future of transport we and the 60,000 road hauliers in Britain would like to hear about.

Monopoly or Not?

The issue is clear. Are the big monopolies to retain control when the war is over? Or are the little men who gave road transport its efficiency to come into their own again?

The war has played right into the hands of the combines. The Government had to economise in transport. Zoning, pooling, centralisation, and more centralisation had to come. The combines were the only bodies who could help in the organisation.

Crowded Out

The owner-driver, doing a flourishing peace time business with perhaps only a single lorry, found himself crowded out of long-distance business.

Or maybe he found himself in khaki driving a lorry marked "W.D."

In the Old Days

If not, and he worked for the Government, he found the busy, useful days of the Battle of Britain soon gave place to weeks of "standing by."

When he was working for himself he would go anywhere, take anything. By energy, willingness and experience he was beating the combines at their own game.

That was the extent of the change in his fortune.

Give Them Hope

Lord Leathers has given no sign that there's to be a change back after the war. It's months since he made his last full statement in Parliament, and that statement was pitiful in its vagueness.

So we say it's time he gave the little men of the roads some clue to the Government's plans. And considering the number of men who will come out of the Forces trained to drive heavy lorries, and with a zest for the work, we think his clue ought to contain a good element of hope.

"Invasion"

In the meantime, a great deal could be done to improve the conditions of the non-owners working in the War Transport "pool." Lately, 380 heavy lorries and their drivers were summoned at a minute's notice to a port where a convoy was due in.

They got there on time, did their work, and at the end of the day invaded the town's main street looking for a meal.

Nothing to Eat

The five restaurants were all closed. There wasn't a scrap of food to be had. The police could not help. The drivers had come long distances with only a few sandwiches for a midday snack.

They say the same sort of thing has happened before. And they wonder whether the transport officials could not spare them a thought.

R.N. is O.K.

One of the pleasantest letters we've had for a long time has come in from Corporal L. Machell, who's been abroad for eleven years and came home recently from the Middle East.

He says he and some of his fellow-soldiers were a bit nervous about the sea voyage, and he had a haunting suspicion that perhaps after all he'd never reach home. It soon went. "The one and only Navy fixed that," he says. "The way they treated us was overwhelming, and I can assure you that my pals and I will always salute the Senior Service."

Necessary Journeys

Not so pleasant is the account we had last week of the way half a dozen merchant seamen have been treated. They were on the reserve pool at a South Coast port when the word came to join a ship at a port five and a half hours' train trip away.

When they got there they were told a full crew had been engaged and they were not wanted.

Whip-Round

They had no money. They hadn't had a meal all day. Back at the station they borrowed nearly enough from some friends to pay the fare home. One of them had to sell a cigarette lighter to make up the money.

Back at the southern port again the next day they found there was still no ship for them. They refused to make the same useless journey north again.

At the Dance

In Runcorn, Cheshire, there was an N.F.S. dance. Half-way through some young Merchant Navy boys came in. They were dancing perfectly reasonably when they were asked to leave. They were not correctly dressed.

They were sober; they had come ashore for a night's enjoyment, straight from their ship.

Like everyone else, they probably say "Good old Merchant Navy" in Runcorn, Cheshire.

Parents Visit

Now that their showy welcome home is over, many of our wounded soldiers are finding things very different from what they expected.

A mother and father went to see their son in a south-country military hospital the other day. He had been in the Middle East several years and served during most of the Eighth Army's African victories.

"Like Dartmoor"

When his parents came, the son was allowed out of hospital for three hours. He had to borrow a pair of old boots. He had a bad cold and no handkerchiefs.

One of his fellow patients had no underclothes, and had to ask a sister to get him some when she came.

Worst of all according to the parents, was the atmosphere of the hospital—more like Dartmoor than anything else, they thought.

Attic Home

The plight of an ex-sapper is more serious. Discharged from the Forces with a disease of the lungs, he has had to live for two years in a Dundee attic. With him are his wife and three children.

When he left the Army he was told he'd be looked after as far as a home was concerned. Now, he says, his children are "not in good health." What chance have they in conditions like this?

Good Idea

Housing shortage in Scotland is, of course, worse than in England. Which reminds us of a sensible suggestion from a Sheffield reader who works in the Rescue Service.

He and his friends, he says, are nearly all experienced in the building trade. One's a bricklayer, another a concrete mixer, and so on.

To the Rescue

Every day they have to go out on exercises which produce nothing—except broad hints from the public that they are wasting time.

Why, our correspondent wants to know, can't the Rescue men be put on to house repairs where their skill could be used? Why can't they go out in the squad lorry every day and get on with some job that will provide a new home? Why, indeed.

They Also Serve

It's not so long since we were all given to understand that girls could now serve the country better in the factories or the hospitals than in the Services.

Last August, Miss Joyce Longstaff, of Darlington, had her medical for the A.T.S., and was told that she would be posted in October. The date went by. Nothing happened, so she went to the Recruiting Centre and was told she would not be needed.

Official Threat

She volunteered for nursing, started work at a Morpeth hospital. In December Miss Longstaff received her calling-up papers for the A.T.S. The hospital authorities took the matter up, but, just before Christmas, the usual official threat came through that if she did not report she would be dealt with under military law as one absent without leave.

Still the hospital people persevered. The result has been another summons to the A.T.S. receiving centre.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Important speakers have recently declared that our present raids on Germany are trifles compared with what's coming. No, that wasn't just pep talk; startling plans are in hand.**
- *Not only by the R.A.F. Watch the Americans!*
- Lord Simon isn't likely to be Lord Chancellor much longer. His place will probably be taken by Sir Donald Somervell, now Attorney-General.
- **Mr. Shinwell, after all, won't cross to the Government Front Bench.**
- *And don't believe the report that Lord Beaverbrook will become Minister for War. He won't take a Service Ministry—that's why, when he first joined the Government, the Ministry of Aircraft Production was established for him.*
- General Montgomery is making sparks fly. Some soldiers, affected by his quick-change reorganisation say they haven't even time to clean their rifles!
- **Bartering, up to now strictly prohibited in Germany, has taken on such proportions that the Nazi authorities, unable to stop it, have now recognised it as part of legitimate trade.**
- *Goering and Himmler are secretly touring the occupied countries of Europe as part of a scheme to bolster up morale and check on anti-invasion and anti-revolt measures.*

THANKS, TOMMY

Trinder's the name. He d... fifty shows in twenty days for th... Eighth Army recently. When h... was at home he bore the bru... of the Sunday Charity work.

Now he's sent back a messa... from Italy about the shows e... fighting men have to see and th... cigarettes they have to smok... "Don't insult them with the... 'V' cigarettes," he says, "a... give them something else besid... antique films they saw before th... war."

That little speech won't ma... him any more popular with th... authorities. With the ordinar... man and woman, and with th... rank-and-file of the Services, h... will keep up to 100 per cent. th... popularity he's already earned b... sheer hard work.

Tea-Time—

A group of old soldiers from the war and men not fit enough to fight time are working on an essential j... the Wigan district. They have canteen and they asked for a permi... tea and sugar to keep them going a... factory. They got their first issue... April.

—Tommy-Rot

In September the supplier refus... give them any more till a fresh p... was obtained. The local Food O... said they didn't need one.

A special permit was obtained... extra men who had been taken on t... the original application and three l... of tea was the result. That's all... workers have had since last Octobe...

To and Fro

Now they are being passed to and... between the supplier and the... Office. That's got a bit monotonous... they are cheered up now and then... visit from a "brass hat," who tells... what a grand job they are doing... asks for more output.

This Salvage

When a dealer who had supplied... of tyres to farmers without demand... worn-out tyres from them was h... fined at a Kent police court it... stated that his action had lost a l... valuable rubber for the nation.

Reporting on salvage to the... (Kent) Town Council *during the... month* the Surveyor said that he... a ton of salvaged rubber which he... not dispose of.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR By THE EDITOR

SERVICES ON THE CHEAP

"THE high cost of dying"—under existing Service regulations—is worrying many a brave fellow as zero-hour for the Allied invasion of Europe approaches.

Thousands of officers and N.C.O.s feel that they can't afford" to be killed or wounded or even taken sick.

For death, wounds, sickness, or accident, when these things befall men of temporary rank, impoverish their dependants or reduce their own pay.

Why? Because the Service authorities do not recognise the principle of "the rate for the job"—and because they penalise men who have earned quick promotion by cheating them of their dues once they become casualties.

To save money at the expense of gallant fighting men is economy run mad, and, in military parlance: "*This practice must cease.*"

Let us cut out sentiment and consider this question of temporary and substantive ranks from a strictly businesslike point of view.

The general practice in civilian life is to give a rise of pay with promotion. True, it may sometimes be necessary to try a man out before confirming him in a more responsible post, but, even so, the pay goes with the job while it lasts.

This is not so in the Army of to-day, where thousands of N.C.O.s are "acting unpaid."

JOHN BULL *maintains that if a ranker be thought fit even to act as a lance-jack, a corporal or a sergeant, each additional stripe should carry its proper pay.*

And that the new rank should be made permanent after a short and officially limited testing time.

Business men do not keep employees on a string indefinitely. They confirm a promotion as soon as it has been justified by results, or end it if it proves unsatisfactory.

The Service chiefs show no such commonsense. "Acting" rank is of quite indefinite duration. The only thing certain about it is that acting stripes, paid or unpaid, are forfeited by death, wounds, sickness, or accident.

In the case of commissioned officers the position is somewhat different but equally unfair. They *do* get paid the standard "rate for the job" with every promotion—though they are quite logically denied the corresponding allowances.

But they revert automatically to substantive rank three weeks after they have been admitted to hospital for wounds, sickness, or accident.

And if they should be killed in action, the pension to their dependants is proportionately reduced.

Imagine the outcry there would be in civilian life if when a man fell sick his employers were to cut his salary down to what it had been before he was promoted!

Or if, where pension schemes exist, the widow of someone accidentally killed *at his work* were informed that her pension would be calculated upon the lower salary which her husband had earned in some previous position!

Bluntly, the public would not tolerate glaring injustice of this kind. And there is no valid excuse for it in the Services, even in war.

JOHN BULL has discussed this legitimate and bitter grievance with many officers and men of temporary or acting rank.

They realise, as we all must do, that vast and hazardous and costly operations must soon be expected, and they admit they would go into battle with better heart and easier mind if their rank were fairly recognised.

This is not a question of pay, allowances and pension alone; it is also a question of prestige and legitimate pride in one's service.

It is humiliating for any man to be reduced through no fault of his own.

Why *should* an efficient, though only "acting," sergeant have to reappear among his old comrades minus his stripes simply because the poor fellow has fallen ill?

Why *should* a temporary major, recovered from his wounds, rejoin his mess as a mere lieutenant?

These sudden changes, these completely unjustified "demotions," wound the feelings of the men who have suffered them, and are, furthermore, prejudicial to general morale.

Ordinary folk, unless they have relatives or friends in the Forces who happen to be affected, do not realise how strong is the Serviceman's resentment of this anomaly.

They may read in the papers, for example, that some splendid young wing-commander or squadron-leader with brand-new bars to medals which already command our admiration—and gratitude—has been shot down at last.

But it may never occur to them that the hero they mourn was only a flight-lieutenant or even a flying-officer in substantive rank.

They would be horrified if they understood that his wife and his baby might receive no more pension than they would have done if he had been a junior officer too dull to deserve promotion!

JOHN BULL cannot believe that skinflint, official "economy" is solely, or even chiefly, to blame for such grotesque anomalies as we have instanced.

The Treasury is unrelenting in some matters, but it never tightens its purse-strings against an imperious Service demand.

No; the real obstructionists are the old "Brass Hats"; the men who swear by tradition, the uniformed bosses at Whitehall, and the "Blimps" in every Service who have Balaclava minds in a Blitzkrieg epoch.

The War Office, for instance, is, so far, unmoved by protest or complaint. Its attitude is simply that one can't have several men doing the same job, and that "establishment costs" would show "a shockin' increase" if all temporary ranks were granted substantive pay, allowance, and pension.

Now, it is true that in the 1914-18 war, with its frightening casualty lists, men were promoted in the field with fantastic rapidity.

And it is also true that if all the temporary majors and lieutenant-colonels had retained their rank even after they had been invalided out of the line, there might have been an unwieldy excess of high-ranking officers.

But in this war it does *not* necessarily follow that the second-in-command automatically succeeds to his senior's post, and, furthermore, the flying age has made it possible to rush out officer replacements at a few hours' notice.

NEITHER in the last war nor in this has there ever been the slightest justification for *unpaid* acting rank.

"Fit for work, fit for pension," is a slogan which JOHN BULL has supported in the world of industry. We support it no less in the world of arms.

And we say plainly that it is a disgrace to the country to pension off the widows and children of conspicuously gallant Servicemen at the cheapest rate which shabby technicalities permit.

"This practice *must* cease!"

We *must* stop running the Services "on the cheap."

All men, commissioned or non-commissioned, who are found to have justified their promotion after a reasonable trial period—say, a month—should receive full pay *and* allowances *and* pension rights applicable to their new rank.

This is not a matter which can be "held over for further consideration." Justice should be done at once.

For if we withhold it now, we shall be conniving in the despicable exploitation of our bravest compatriots.

In Poland Now—3. Underground Militant

PREVIOUS articles have touched on the civil aspects of Poland's victorious underground movement—broadcasting, the law, education, and religion.

To sum up these brief accounts of what has been happening under the noses of the helpless *Gestapo* in Poland, I shall simply cite some striking facts very little known to the world at large of the militant side of the underground movement.

As far as the army is concerned, for instance, the underground military comprises a complete organisation, run much on the same lines as our own War Department, with a General Staff and a Commander-in-Chief who controls an army of thousands in mountains and forests.

★ ★ ★

But do not suppose from this that they are guerillas.

This army is organised to strike in concert with the main efforts of the Allies in Europe.

It is a point of interest that the High Command controls the militant civilian groups as well, and does not permit them to attack Germans unless under military orders.

This discipline has prevented the Nazis smashing the movement, and has kept an army of half a million German troops immobilised in Poland.

The Intelligence section ranks with the best in Europe.

So good is it, in fact, that the underground Staff knows a whole lot more about the *Gestapo* than the *Gestapo* can ever find out about the General Staff!

★ ★ ★

Among its achievements is the successful old strategy of sowing discord among the ranks of its enemies.

By the use of cleverly worded anonymous letters it has succeeded in causing violent quarrelling—and even fighting—among *Gestapo* officials over supposed inequalities in the division of loot.

Its spies include many of those supposedly of the Master Race!

Deserters from the German army and the *Gestapo* captured by the underground are not shot. They are used as secret agents and for the stealing of arms and uniforms from the army of occupation.

These German "servants" of the Polish underground dare not object, for at any moment their masters could betray them to the *Gestapo* as deserters.

Provided with foolproof forged identity cards and work permits, they move everywhere in the country with ease, and may be said to be part of that minority invited by Mr. Churchill to "work their passage home."

The active work of the militant section could not be better illustrated than by the following achievements of one quite average recent month:

Rescued 300 prisoners on their way to torture-rooms or concentration camps; liquidated many fifth columnists; burned four supply depots and set fire to large stores of petrol; blew up railway tracks at twenty strategic points, wrecked six locomotives, and destroyed seventeen trains carrying troops, munitions and foodstuffs; executed seven Nazi officials by verdict of the Court of Judges; killed 800 Germans.

★ ★ ★

Finally, it may not be generally known that only the Big Four—Britain, America, Russia, China—have larger fighting forces in the Allied ranks than Poland.

Apart from the army in Poland already mentioned, there are 95,000 Polish troops in the Near East, something like 50,000 Polish troops in Britain, and 12,000 Polish pilots flying 'planes on many fronts!

Poland is shouldering her full share of the fight for freedom

H. K.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir RAYMOND STREAT,
Chairman, Cotton Board Committee

DEAR SIR,—After inquiring into the post-war problems of the cotton industry, your committee declares that:

"This country will be too poor after the war to accept any avoidable contraction of an industry capable of sustaining many hundreds of thousands of workers and contributing most substantially to the export trade and the balance of payments."

I cannot understand why industrial magnates keep stressing the future poverty of Britain. And I cannot dispel a suspicion that such economic propaganda is spread for the purpose of inducing the workers to accept lower wages or longer hours.

Your poverty theory has been debunked by men like Sir William Beveridge.

Will post-war Britain be poor in technical skill, in production power, in craftsmen, in shipping, in executive ability, and, above all, in the will to make good the ravages of war?

The answer is "No."

But there is real need for the Government to devise an international policy that will enable British Industries to prepare post-war plans.

Press for that, Sir Raymond, and I will back you for all it's worth.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JAMES GRIGG,
Secretary for War

DEAR SIR JAMES,—Major A. S. Hooper, a leading authority on Russia and the Red Army, has been banned by your Department from lecturing to the British Army. Why?

Is there any sane reason why our soldiers should not learn something of the working of that mighty Ally of ours—that same mighty Ally which Whitehall feared would be smashed by Hitler in six weeks?

You banned the Beveridge Report at first—and then lifted that ban when you realised that Sir William's recommendations concerned the fighting man as deeply as they concerned the civilian.

Don't under-rate the intelligence of our soldiers. All the War Office bans in the world will not prevent their gaining knowledge of the greatest social experiment in history—the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

By placing a ban on men like Major Hooper you have about as much chance of stemming the tide of knowledge as Hitler's generals have of stemming the Red Army.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HUGH DALTON,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. DALTON,—For turn-ups again and four-pocketed waistcoats, many thanks.

Now what about a break for our long-suffering women?

They can't buy decent stockings or corsets. Crockery and glassware are almost unobtainable. So are even more essential articles such as enamel ware.

The poor housewife is already worried to death trying to provide attractive meals out of good but monotonous rations. That she should be unable to cook those meals properly because she lacks good pots and pans is, in her opinion, scandalous.

Why not earn the ladies' gratitude and put more saucepans on the market? A slight gesture, but it would show willing. —JOHN BULL.

General Sir HAROLD ALEXANDER,
C.-in-C., Allied Armies in Italy

DEAR GENERAL,—When you were directing that magnificent but bitter retreat in Burma less than two years ago, and brought your battle-weary forces safely into India, the memory of another tragic withdrawal—Dunkirk—was still fresh in your mind.

Then you took over as C.-in-C. in the Middle East. And for the first time since the war began you were provided with the men and the machines to show that two enforced retreats had merely served to intensify your aggressive spirit and your will to victory.

You smashed Rommel and his redoubtable Afrika Korps. You chased the enemy out of Sicily—and then under Eisenhower you began the slow, trying advance to Rome.

It may be only a coincidence that your brilliant landing deep behind the German lines should be carried out soon after your appointment to the command of the Allied Armies in Italy.

There have been rumours—maybe ill-founded, like most rumours—that the foot-slogging campaign conducted before the Nettuno landings was irksome to you, and that you were all for an attack on a grander scale.

If that rumour be true, you have certainly justified your views.

The Fifth Army landings were as masterly and triumphant operations as any in the history of the war. They reflect not only vision and supreme strategy; they are in keeping with your reputation of being the most pugnacious officer in the British Army.

It's your show in Italy now—yours and the great fighting men you are leading to victory.—JOHN BULL.

P.S.—Alexander of old sighed for new worlds to conquer. I sigh for more Alexanders like you to speed up the coming of Victory.

Lord HINCHINGBROOKE, M.P.,
Chairman, Tory Reform Committee

DEAR SIR,—Looking ahead—and most of us are doing that in some degree or other to-day—you envision the political arena as you would like it.

"What is required to-day," you say, "is not the creation of new Parties to differ, to haggle, to negotiate and, consequently, to delay, but the steady development in outlook of the old Parties towards ideas of co-operation, agreement, mutual support, and trust."

Voters of Britain, you say in effect, stick by the old firm at the old Westminster stand. Resist the intrusion into the political game of people who might upset the Party machines!

But the general public, I think, is a little tired of the automatic clankings of the Party machines. It wants less mechanism and more imagination, fewer conventions and more elasticity, more determination and more drive.

And I want to see men and women play a part in the life of Britain without paying tribute to the outworn political stupidities. In short, all except professional politicians want a cleansing of the Westminster stables.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. SAMUEL COURTAULD,
Chairman, Courtaulds, Ltd.

DEAR SIR,—Year after year I have championed the ri of the worker not only to his wages and conditions being t first charge on industry, but on his right to have a say in t direction of industry.

Often in the past I have despaired ever of my campa bearing fruit. Now your voice cuts like a clarion through t Old order and heralds the New.

"The worker,' you say, "invests in industry all he has invest—his body, brain and experience—and he cann change his investment as easily as a shareholder, nor c he spread his risk. It seems to me that he is entitled plain justice to some representation on the controlling bod

My compliments to you, sir. I could not have expres the workers' case better myself. I hope that every ind trialist diehard reads and ponders your words.

And I also hope that the day is not far distant wh those words are translated into terms of action and industry is governed in a spirit of friendly co-operation. JOHN BULL.

I Indict the Cruellest Mother

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

WHEN Mrs. Henrietta Bower, wife of Commander Bower, M.P., and the mother of seven children, declared that being a mother was the best life in the world, I thought of another mother I know who recently sent her four-and-a-half-years-old son to a boarding-school.

This other mother thinks that school discipline is essential at an early age; that home life tends to make children spoilt and too reliant on their parents.

I think that to send a child of four-and-a-half away from home, to deprive it of the love and comfort and guidance of its mother, is one of the most monstrous cruelties, and a selfish, callous stupidity to boot.

★ ★ ★

Can you imagine the dazed, bewildered child of four-and-a-half transplanted suddenly into a strange, hard world? Can you picture just how the immature mind reacts to the change, wondering why "mummy" isn't present to give the good-night kiss, and weeping the savage, bitter tears that only uncomprehending childhood knows?

Mrs. Bower can. That's why she believes that day schools and home life are best for children.

She regards boarding-schools as an evil necessity except for the last year or two of school life; and she thinks expensive education is no more than materialistic snobbery.

In the Bower household all the children take, or have taken, their share of dusting, cleaning and other domestic chores.

The Commander and his wife take the view—which some people to-day regard as old-fashioned—that the bringing up of a child is primarily the responsibility of the father and mother, and not of the State.

I am all for the Bowers of this country. And I am all against those selfish parents who await eagerly the day when they can pack off to boarding-school children of tender years.

No child can blossom and develop without the inspiration and example of parental love. Nothing in the world can take the place of mother-love, especially during those years when the child mind is a fluttering, unbalanced quantity, seeking guidance and knowledge.

★ ★ ★

There is something inhuman, something utterly alien to all concepts of decency, in a woman who deliberately chooses to send away from home a ch of four or five.

There is about her either an absol selfishness or an abysmal ignorance the needs of the child born to her.

She deprives her baby—for a kidd four-and-a-half is still a baby—of the birthright of all children—the prese of the one being who can charm a scalding tears, soothe troubled mi and be the one solid comfort in a ha and constantly changing world.

★ ★ ★

There is an old Jewish proverb wh runs: "God could not be everywh and therefore He made mothers."

Indeed, in the hearts of little childr and in the supplications of their c when those hearts are troubled, Mot is the true and only God.

She is the Beginning and the End. Alpha and the Omega of the child mi She is the pivot around which eve thing revolves, and the source fr which every comfort, every joy spring

Torn away from that pivot, the ch knows only a dumb and constant be derment. Nothing can take the place the pivot. No substitute is re effective.

Some mothers may think I am ad cating the coddling of children. Noth of the sort. I merely demand for ch ren the dearest and the cheapest th on earth—as much mother love as th crave.

To any German bomber, the minesweeper looks an easy target. But humble British trawlers are quick on the trigger

Out With the Navy—2

By Maurice Fagence

Sea-fleas Can Bite the Bombers!

★ The little trawlers go out—and the mines are gathered in. So the way is kept clear for the convoys

THROUGH a break in the clouds the German fighter pilot saw her—a battered British trawler tossing and pitching in a wild ocean.

A minesweeper, fishing canisters of death out of the sea as fast as E-boats and the night-fliers of the *Luftwaffe* could drop them in.

One of those cursed sea-fleas which keep the sea-lanes clear for the convoys that bring food and munitions to Britain at war.

Very well, *he'd sink the damned tub.* His finger tensed on the cannon button as he dived.

But humble British trawlers aren't quite as humble as they look—certainly not in war time.

Emergency Operation

This fool-ship was trying to make a battle of it. What did she fancy she was—a battle-cruiser or a London barrage?

She was pumping 12-pounder shells up from her fo'castle gun. Her .5's were spitting long pencils of flame into the air. Tracer bullets were coming uncomfortably near, plain sign that the trawler's aim was improving.

That fighter plane straddled the sea-flea once with her shells, turned half-heartedly, thought better of it, and then made off for home.

Dejectedly—but he might have gone home happily had he known what was happening on the little trawler.

For up on her bridge a young officer—the man whose orders had stung the trawler's guns into instantaneous response—had sunk to his knees.

One of the cannon-shells had torn its way first through one side and then the other of the big mushroom-like ventilator cowl that loomed over the bridge, had passed through the fleshiest part of his left leg, and was deeply embedded in his right thigh.

And there it was, still unexploded, and likely to go off at a touch.

A steward hurried up the steel ladder to the bridge, a pen-knife in his hand.

You won't expect details. The hand of the amateur surgeon never faltered. Not a murmur escaped the lips of his patient.

And the "humble" British trawler steamed on.

I have just been to sea in that obstreperous little ship.

Night after night—fattened to the dimensions of a mine by the sea-clothes I wore—I have gulped down hot cocoa on that exposed bridge, listened to the nor'-easterly gales fluting through those two jagged cannon-shell holes.

We have swept sea-lanes clear for convoys that were approaching, and then, our job done, have been bullied out of their way and made to get two miles out of their path, as if we were no more than interfering busybodies.

We have spent a night at anchor in the hunting grounds of the German E-boats. Such a night as gives all the advantages to the fast Nazi attackers.

Our look-out has reported five shadowy shapes moving within five miles of us. E-boats, possibly.

Men as fat with clothes as I was have moved up to me and expressed the hope that they *were* E-boats, and, with the wind carrying away most of their words, have told me what they did at Dunkirk and Narvik.

"Trust the old billiard ball," they said.

And, looking at the chief gunner next morning, I noticed that he hadn't a whisker on his head.

One night we were ordered on patrol. The surge of pride that swept through the ship all but burst our plates.

Destroyers do patrols. And sleek, fast-moving corvettes.

"What can we do on patrol?" I asked the captain.

"We frighten 'em away," he said.

And, looking hard at his face, I realised that he was not joking. Pride in one's ship is an extraordinary thing.

And now I must write in a more detailed way of our job.

I reached a North Sea port just after dusk. We were to sail before dawn.

I met about a dozen minesweeper skippers. I thought they would be rough-neck fishermen. They were not.

The Admiralty has wisely distributed the trained fishermen through the Fleet.

Week-end Sailors

Many of these were men who, for all their arduous war-years at sea, might have stepped straight off a cricket pitch or a Rugby field.

Most of them tell the same story of "how I got into this."

They had dabbled in small craft before the war—ancient tubs often bought for a few pounds and given harbour space at the nearest seaside resort to their home at 30s. or so a year.

One—to whom I needed no introduction—was an old Fleet Street colleague of mine. To-day he takes a tiny fleet of four minesweepers to sea: a little admiral in his way.

I asked him why he never told me, when we were meeting so often, that he owned his own ship.

"I didn't own her," he replied. "I owned a share—the bows, I should think. But I didn't tell people because they might have wanted to see her."

The Lieutenant-Commander, R.N.V.R., in charge of the group of three with which I was to sail—there should have been four, as is usual, but one had been damaged—had owned a half-share in a tiny yacht built in 1898.

One had been an insurance clerk. Another a stockbroker. A third a factory manager.

Sunday afternoon sailors whom the Admiralty called on when war broke out to help win the Battle of the North Sea, what time the R.A.F. was calling up the Saturday afternoon airmen who helped win the Battle of Britain.

They didn't start with a lot of nautical experience. But they had that enthusiasm, keenness, and love of the sea which the Admiralty wanted. . . .

So away to our ship, which we reached in the blackness of the night.

Dawn was breaking when the three trawlers of our group pulled up alongside a strange little craft which distributes the barrage balloons which minesweepers tow to sea behind them.

It reminded me of the men who sell balloons on Hammersmith tow-path on Boat Race Day.

Ours got tangled up for a moment with the others, was extricated by the excellent seamanship of everybody concerned, and then, after bucking like a bronco for a full minute, decided to go along like a good boy.

For hours, with our balloons following like Mary's lamb, we steamed towards the sea-path we were to sweep for the first convoy due. Time to talk to a few of the ship's company of twenty-three.

A store commissionaire, boot-maker, timekeeper, and clerk had been directed into sea service with no knowledge of the sea.

"We grumbled when they sent us to sea, and now we'd grumble like hell if the Admiralty gave us a shore job," they said.

A fisherman talked of the days when he trawled the Atlantic in such a ship as this.

"There's money in fish in war time," he said. "But I'm not itching for it. We're one big family in sweepers."

I spoke to the Leading Seaman. (Captain's description of him: "The best Leading Seaman afloat. The men will do everything he asks with a smile.")

Said he: "When men know each other, as they do in this ship, they'll never let the other fellow down. And that's the basis of all discipline."

Rough and Tough

It's dirty work, minesweeping. Tough work. Rough work. And very often unappreciated work. But the grub's good. The treatment's good. And, all that assured, sailors don't care.

At last the order: "Hands to sweeping stations." Now to trawl the sea-lane for the convoy only a few hours away.

Every man races to his post.

You must be told, first of all, the broad principles of minesweeping.

Mines, whether dropped from aircraft or E-boats, would be light enough to float to the surface were they not moored to sinkers dropped with them, and which rest on the sea-bed.

The aim, obviously, is to cut the cables holding the mines to the sinkers.

In effect, the minesweeper does this by putting out a huge 250-yard saw which sweeps in a vast arc from its stern, going deep enough to cut the cables.

But obviously a metal saw of such a size couldn't be used under such conditions. So the same effect is got by trailing out 250 yards of tooth-edged wire.

But how to get the wire to trail tight enough to cut a stout cable? How to get it to sweep from the stern in an arc? And how to hold it deep enough to reach the cables?

Well, there is a big shark-like float at the end of the 250 yards of serrated wire, and that goes overboard first. Towed to stern, it holds the wire pretty taut. It sports a flag so that you can see where it is when high seas tend to hide it from your view.

To pull the wire outwards from the ship's stern into so sweeping an arc that it can gather mines into its bosom, so to speak, a type of sea kite is used.

The kites can be made to behave much the same in the sea as they do in the air, provided they are strong enough.

A metal kite, called an otter, attached to the tooth-edged wire at a point near the towed float pulls that cutting wire into the required arc.

Sunk by Gunfire

Another kite fixed to the wire near the trawler—and this time it is actually called the kite—pulls the cutting wire to the necessary depth to cut the cables.

The released mines come to the surface far to stern of the minesweeper, to be sunk by gunfire. Huge mushrooms of water rise into the air, and the explosions that follow a second or so later have been known to shatter every glass aboard.

It is no easy job to get all this gear overboard. Unless there is a perfect team spirit, men can be badly crushed.

And it is a highly dangerous job recovering the tackle from the sea. Ours came out clean every time, with nothing but a few patches of seaweed attached. But I realised from the tenseness of every face that it might easily have been different.

Mines can be held by the tackle instead of cut clear by it. Towed in, they will crash into the sweeper and blow it to matchwood. That has been the fate of more than one of the gallant little ships.

So you pull and watch, pull and watch, and breathe a sigh of relief when you've got all your gear safely on deck.

Our first day sweep ended, we saw a homeward-bound convoy go by happy in the knowledge that whatever dangers might lie ahead of it they would not be due to mines.

We didn't mind being chivied out of its way, although it seemed hard to have to get two miles away and get no flash of recognition for the work we had done.

Our next sweep was to oblige an outward-bound convoy, and that went by in the night.

We lay at anchor all that night, far, far out in the North Sea—although I am not telling Jerry how far.

A sitting target, you might think, although I have shown our little ship was capable of administering surprises.

Then we went on patrol. We did many things that can't be mentioned—one or two that can.

We watched for the signals that you always expect from British and American bomber crews down "in the drink."

We kept a special eye on those floating buoys to which such crews can row to find food, warmth, rest and some small degree of comfort.

And always we looked into the darkness for the challenge that might come at any minute, and which would have to be answered in a matter of seconds, or never be answered at all.

Cruelly cold, the North Sea in winter. And never placid, although the robust little trawlers ride the short, choppy waves as well as Atlantic liners.

Terribly monotonous the work for men who have to do it over years, and not over days as did I.

But there's something about a sailor. Not one complained.

WHICH SIDE ARE WE ON? SWAFFER DEMANDS

Britain, the Gold Coast, N. Ireland, Australia, Canada, New Zealand are represented in this squadron. Couldn't they be brothers-in-peace, too?

IN the grim days to come, who will decide the future of Europe—the peoples or a few rulers?

Who are we backing—the exiled monarchies or the workers who, at home, are fighting the Germans in an unceasing underground war?

On which side are we—that of the semi-Fascist cliques who seek a return to power, or the newly awakened forces that seek wider and greater freedom?

Upon the answer to those questions rests the fate of the world.

A century and a half ago the rulers—no, not the people—of Britain made war on the English colonists of America. George III would not even open the "olive branch" letter which Benjamin Franklin brought to London offering the most generous terms of settlement. And so we lost for ever what is now the United States.

To-day, similar blindness to facts warps the judgment of Whitehall.

For a time the war was a straight fight between the forces of Fascism and its enemies—Hitler and Mussolini and Tojo and their gangs on the one side, and the armies of freedom on the other.

But now our vacillating and timorous diplomacy has allowed it to become a confused issue.

All Mixed Up

Fascists are mixed up with the Free French in North Africa.

Victor Emmanuel, who gave Mussolini his power, and Badoglio, one of the Duce's leading generals—yes, and made by him "Duke of Addis Ababa"—became our allies in Italy, despite the protests of all the anti-Fascists who had fought Mussolini for twenty years, and then brought about his downfall.

Then, while the new Polish Government was composed of four leading Parties in the old Parliament, General Sosnkowski, the Commander-in-Chief of its army, was a Fascist of such militance that he threatened to order the underground movement in Poland to oppose the advancing Russian armies!

Even in the States, Washington's former Ambassador to Tokio was declaring that the Mikado—as "the son of Heaven" he was the inspirer of all this Japanese "divinely appointed" nationalism — was really a very nice fellow who was the victim of a military gang!

Now, how can a situation like this develop into one in which we can make a permanent peace?

The few people on top will be thinking only of their old privileges, their pomp and their majesty. They will be squabbling over territories they owned ages ago, and rights that they have lost.

Tainted

As in the past they were tainted with Fascism—George of Greece, for instance, sided with Metaxas, the dictator—how can they be expected to become imbued with that democratic revivalism that is the hope of every concentration camp and political jail on the Continent?

What we once hailed as a mighty crusade is already a compromise.

Could the peoples do better than the rulers? Are they, like the old bosses, more concerned with frontiers than with final settlement?

I declare without equivocation that the only hope of Europe rests in the newly awakened forces of enfranchisement, and that reliance on the old gang will lead only to chaos, and, before long, to another war.

I listened, for instance, for well over two hours recently to a Polish Brains Trust, in which ten men and women, representing all sections of Polish democratic thought, answered frankly many questions put to them by critics.

One thing was disturbing—the conviction I brought away that all the Parties represented here backed the Polish Government in its insistence on the 1939 frontier.

Even so, it was admitted that the peoples concerned should have the last word in regard to the fixing of frontiers, that the masses and not governments and diplomats should be the final arbiters over federation and over any problems of the kind.

"We are wholeheartedly in favour of the restitution of relations between Russia and Poland," it was agreed. "We are certain, after the war, to establish in Poland a political democracy which will work with others both in the East and the West. In the spirit of the Atlantic Charter, a solution of all the problems should not be difficult."

The most amazing statement, though, came at the end. This was made after "Jan Karski," the *nom-de-guerre* of a man who had fought in the Polish underground movement for well over three years, had declared, incredible as it sounded, that 3,000,000 Jews had been murdered by the Nazis, and that he himself had seen 5,000 murdered in a concentration camp.

So it was most dramatic that when the question, "Would the Socialists of Poland trust, after the war, the Socialists of Germany?" the answer was made by Emanuel Scherer, a member of the Jewish Socialist Party, who had fought prominently in the Warsaw ghetto when, last year, the Jews resisted to the end wholesale extermination.

"I belong to a people who have the most right to mistrust the Germans," he said, "and to blame them for the bloody crimes committed by their soldiery.

"But I also know that Socialism means international solidarity. As Socialists, we cannot mistrust other Socialists, the Germans included."

German Socialists, he went on, should be given the task to finish, inside their own country, "the job which the Allied armies will inaugurate by their victory.

"This task is to destroy absolutely not only Hitlerism but any kind of Fascism, Nationalism and Imperialism, and prevent the return to power of any reactionary section."

Tolerance

Similar international tolerance permeates the minds, too, of those Italians who fought Mussolini all the time, but not those of the former Fascists who now see in our aid a means of return to power.

Whether the British people know it or not, the Socialist Party, which was the strongest single Party in Italy before the march on Rome, is the Party of the Italian workers.

In 1922 it controlled over 2,000 municipal councils and the strongest co-operative movement on the Continent. It will be even stronger to-morrow.

Yet both the American and the British authorities refuse visas, even now, to prominent Socialist exiles who want to return to Italy.

There is evidence everywhere in Europe that there is a very powerful drift to the Left. This is true in Greece. It is true in Yugoslavia. It is true in Poland It is true in Italy. It is even more true in France.

And when we land it is this Left Wing which will support us, not the comfortable bourgeoisie, or the manufacturers, or the rich traders, or the landlords. Yet apparently it is with these rich that officially we are siding. That way lies no hope!

Brita

AS the end approaches, the writhings and wrigglings of Goebbels' propaganda are worth studying. The idea of victory has vanished. The best that is hoped for is a stalemate.

If Germany will only hang on, the Allies may fall out, or Roosevelt may be beaten in America, or something may happen here or in Russia that will enable her to avert total defeat.

And even if total defeat comes, all will not be lost. Britain will have suffered as mortal a blow from the war as Germany. Her position as a world power will be irrecoverably lost.

And since the overthrow of British supremacy was the chief object of Germany, the war, even though lost, would not have been in vain.

Britain would be "down and out" for good, but Germany would recover, and, with Britain out of her path, would yet reach her goal of world empire. This is the undercurrent of Goebbels' appeal to the German people to-day.

* * *

It is not difficult to see what is in the mind of Goebbels and the Prussian war lords. They think—and to this extent they think rightly—that after the war the British Commonwealth will not have the same place in the world that it has had in the past.

For nearly a century and a half our leadership of the world has been unchallenged. That leadership has come to us largely by accident, largely by our geographical situation, largely by our seafaring habit. It has been less the result of deliberate policy than of the working of events and the absence of serious rivalry.

But, whatever the cause, we have taken the world for our parish. We have spread our speech, our race, our ideas of freedom and self-government, our commerce and our passion for sport over the whole earth.

What our leadership has meant to human society may be left to more unprejudiced pens than mine to say. It has been said eloquently by that distinguished Spanish-American philosopher, George Santayana, who, writing on the English character long before the events of to-day, said:

> *"Instinctively the Englishman is no missionary, no conqueror. . . . He travels and conquers without a settled design because he has the instinct of exploration. . . . He carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes, and it becomes a cool spot in the desert, and a steady and sane oracle amongst all the deliriums of mankind. . . .*
>
> *"Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master. It will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls and fanatics manage to supplant him."*

* * *

That we have prospered in the process of carrying the English spirit over the earth is true. Nor should we complain that for half a century past the Germans have cast envious eyes upon a world leadership which they felt they were so much better fitted to exercise and enjoy than we were.

Now, as the result of two world wars that leadership is compromised. World power in the

After the War

By A. G. GARDINER

sense in which we have had it in the past will never again be our exclusive possession. To that extent the calculation of Goebbels and the Prussian militarists is right.

But it is not Germany that stands to profit. If we are dethroned, it is not that "the scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls and fanatics" are destined to supplant us.

What Germany's attempt to "Hitlerise" the earth has done is to reveal that world power is too perilous an instrument to be left to any single State or any single ruler. That revelation has killed isolationism.

It has taught us that the modern world is one and indivisible, and that peace is no less one and indivisible. It has shown us that if such a world is to survive and such a peace is to be won, the rule of force and war must give place to the rule of law and justice.

It is in the light of this revelation that the four greatest Powers on earth have united to save human society from enslavement by the barbarians of Germany and Japan.

Henceforth they will be the guardians of world power. They will exercise it with an authority we could never possess and never pretend to. For they will exercise it with the consent and collaboration of all the free peoples of the earth.

* * *

Does this surrender of world leadership imply that destruction of the British Empire on which Goebbels reckons as Germany's hope for the future?

By comparison with America and Russia, Britain alone is negligible in population, territory and resources. But Britain does not stand alone.

It is only the senior partner in the greatest federation of free nations on the face of the earth. With India endowed, as it soon will be, with full dominion status, that federation will exceed both America and Russia alike in territory, population, and the magnitude of its resources.

AND THIS GREAT SYSTEM OF ASSOCIATED NATIONS IS WELDED TOGETHER BY BONDS OF FREEDOM IMMEASURABLY MORE TOUGH THAN THE BONDS OF FORCE.

When the war came Hitler confidently calculated that the British Empire would dissolve like a rope of sand. In the fifth year of the war that rope is toughened to an unbreakable tension, while Hitler's Axis is crumbling to dust.

Does Goebbels suppose that, having survived this terrific ordeal and emerged victorious, the British Commonwealth of Nations will commit suicide?

If he were a fool he might. But Goebbels is not a fool. He is a blackguard, but not a fool; and he lies about us now, as he has always lied, not because he does not know, but in order to deceive his wretched people.

* * *

No, neither Britain nor the Commonwealth is "down and out." Britain herself has suffered much in life and wealth and ponderable things, but in her soul she has been reborn, and we need not fear her future.

And our partners in the Commonwealth have suffered and been reborn too. The Empire will come out of the furnace of the war, not weaker, but stronger, with feelings deepened by all that we have endured together, and with a sense of common interest and common service that will bind us together "with hoops of steel."

In sharing our leadership of the world with the great nations that have stood at our side in the struggle to save civilisation we shall lose nothing and gain much.

Lord Halifax has said that we can be cheerful about the future providing the Empire is united

We have never consciously sought the leadership. We can claim that we have spread the gospel of human liberty and human rights wherever we have gone. Now we can rejoice that the gospel will henceforth be underwritten by all the mightiest powers of the globe—Britain, America, Russia, China.

And that is what matters. For it has been well said that the world could live without the British Empire, but spiritually it would perish without the English civilisation—its sovereignty of justice, its vivid sense of personal and civil rights, its faith in free speech and self government, its political tolerance, its art of compromise, its sportsmanship, and its ideal of good faith among nations.

Nazi Gangsters Are Playing New Tricks

Hedy Lemarr

WHEN Hitler and Goering swept across Austria, why did they allow the "Pocket Zaharoff of Central Europe" to escape?

And why didn't they prevent him from taking his huge fortune out of the country?

These may seem odd questions to ask as the sixth year of German occupation of Austria comes to an end and a world war has developed to a dramatic climax.

Yet the answers have a profound bearing on dangerous developments just now. And they are even more portentous for the future.

For Fritz Mandl—that "Pocket Zaharoff" who owned an enormous arms factory near Vienna—is to-day the driving power behind the Fascist wave in South America.

Hitler let him go six years ago so that, one day, Mandl's money and intrigues could help to open a Second Nazi Front against the U.S.A.

Mandl, who was once married to film star Hedy Lemarr, is well known to the American authorities. Long ago they put his name on a black list of people in neutral countries who deal with the enemy.

But only recently did his full share in the tumultuous events in the Argentine and in Bolivia become known. They make the same sort of pattern as his former European activities.

Just as he once sold his homeland—he helped Mussolini to obtain political domination over Vienna—so he has recently worked to bring the Argentine into Hitler's camp.

Now, at long last, the Argentine has broken with the Axis.

★ ★ ★

Will Mandl and his fellow industrialists move to Bolivia? Will they repeat there the tricks they played with the money Hitler allowed them to take out of Central Europe?

Soon they set up new munition factories, and with bribery and flattery obtained the support of Fascist groups for their political plots

They knew that arms production would give them a secure hold on the Argentine. And they realised the possibilities of persuading the country's politicians to enter into competition with Uncle Sam.

★ ★ ★

They planned nothing less than to transform the whole of South America into a solid Fascist block and to plunge the Western hemisphere into a fratricidal war.

In that they have, of course, the help and the blessing of Hitler.

And these ingenious Big Business men have been assisted by some of the most dangerous Nazi agents.

Wendler, Himmler's brother-in-law and former German Ambassador in Bolivia, was in league with them.

Rieth, a former German Minister in Austria, went to South America to put the finishing touches on the whole plot.

Both Wendler and Rieth, it is true, were soon expelled. But Mandl and his friends remained.

Were they reminded of the old pre-war days when they saw in Buenos Aires another man whose name you will remember—Prince Stahremberg, the self-styled leader of the Austrian Fascists, who was in with Hitler at the Munich beerhouse putsch in 1923, later became a French Air Force officer, and then resigned?

Here you see the old gangsters up to new gigantic tricks. Here they appear on the scene in South America as Hitler's fate in Europe appears to be sealed.

Von Stahremberg

Watch them and their doings. For even if they do not succeed in creating new conflicts, new wars and new bloodshed, they are still warming pretty soft nests for their friends in Nazi Germany.

And the war would not seem to be worth while fighting if, after the extirpation of Nazism in Europe, Hitler, Goering and the other chief gangsters could live happily ever after with Fritz Mandl in some safe spot in South America!

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

HOME, SWEET HOME

Short Story
By HEDLEY BARKER

NEAT and natty, that was Mr. Biddleworth. From his carefully brushed bowler hat to his beautifully rolled umbrella he was a picture of shining exactitude.

A bit fussy and finicky, too. Shoelaces meticulously tied, with exactly the same length of bow. Handkerchief peeping two inches out of the breast pocket, and no more. The white waistcoat-slips of another day proclaiming Mr. Biddleworth's respectability.

Neat and natty, finicky and fussy—a bit of a trial for some good woman, you'd think. But, no. Mrs. Biddleworth thought he was a dear.

And that's just what he looked like as he walked briskly east on a fine November morning. His shoes twinkled in the sun, and his eyes twinkled out of sheer goodness of heart.

Everybody's uncle—that was what Mr. Biddleworth looked like, and as he carried his shining face eastwards many a gloomy soul felt the better for a random glance at it.

As to this walk, it was something special for Mr. Biddleworth. Two days ago his firm had wined and dined him on the occasion of his retirement. It had all been very convivial and touching.

Mr. Biddleworth, somewhat overcome, had made a muddled and somewhat sentimental speech, and that part of his life had ended for ever with the strains of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

And now, this Monday morning, the new and fascinating part was beginning. What a blessing, thought Mr. Biddleworth, to be in good health and strength, and to do exactly as you had planned.

His plan, like himself, was modest. No cruise around the world had ever been the subject of his ambitions, nor yet the sumptuous hotels of the Riviera.

To walk, and observe—such was the height of his purpose. To lose himself amongst the narrow alleyways of Aldgate, and to grasp the romance of that farther east which soaked the stones of Limehouse.

To spend long hours poring over old daggers and snuff-boxes in the junk-shops of the Causeway, to talk to negroes and lascars, sip the leaf of China amongst the yellow-faced men in the teashop of the Lotus Flower.

For forty years Mr. Biddleworth had planned to do just this. And now he was on his way, his feet striking the pavement of Aldgate Street, his head full of lychees, and longans, and fat jars of ginger.

Mr. Biddleworth, you see, had been a great reader, and his choice of fiction had dealt mostly with the Orient and London's docks.

And here he was, on his way. Happy? For two pins he would have skipped like a lamb.

Presently he came to the Causeway itself. The crisp breeze blowing off Thames river offered a variety of scents for his nose to sample. Musk, and orris-root, and nutmeg, and the cloying smell of locust beans. Bananas, and sandalwood, and the headiness of cloves.

Li Hung Soo was long, thin, cadaverous, melancholy

Mr. Biddleworth stopped in his tracks, closed his eyes, and snuffed them up.

Lovely!

And then, across the way, Mr. Biddleworth took in the gay colours of a Chinese ideograph, a shop-window with honey-cakes and jars of ginger, and lanterns that looked like toys. A fat and smiling idol which teetered in the breeze from a hook over the door left no doubt in the mind of the beholder.

This was the teashop of the five-stomached god. Mr. Biddleworth crossed the road, and entered. Thereafter he was struck dumb.

Li Hung Soo was long, thin, cadaverous, melancholy. He was wiping the marble tables, and he was singing. On his face was the last unutterable sadness, and in his motions were the assurance of a soul lost and lonely beyond the help of humanity.

But it was the substance of his song that gripped Mr. Biddleworth. It was a wail. It was a lament. It was hideous misery. Mr. Biddleworth, fascinated, wondered how one man could contain so much grief and live.

All this time Mr. Biddleworth had been rooted where he stood. Now he felt that he must get away. Li Hung Soo sang with such passionate conviction that Mr. Biddleworth was suddenly the vessel for all the sorrow and distress of an alien race.

HE was turning to hurry away when out from the gloom a second Chinaman slid forward, soft-footed in rope slippers.

"You like tea, sir?"

"Well——"

Mr. Biddleworth swivelled an uncertain glance at the wailing Li Hung Soo. The other clapped his hands, shot a dark look, hissed an imprecation. Li Hung Soo vanished behind a screen and was silent.

"That's better," said Mr. Biddleworth. "Not exactly cheerful, was it?"

"He homesick," explained the proprietor. "For years and years he no see his people. All time he s-sings s-song of hiss forefathers. He s-ging of lake, of mountain, of cherry-tree. All time veree sad. The tea, sir—you like?"

"Very nice. Homesick, eh? Well, why doesn't he save up? I mean——"

"Him no can. All time gamble. Puck-a-poo, fan-tan, horses, football. Always-s for years-s and years-s him broke."

"H'm," said Mr. Biddleworth. "Bit of a lad, eh?"

All that day Mr. Biddleworth kept hearing the lament of Li Hung Soo. He was a sentimental old codger at bottom, and the stark sadness of that song tugged at his heartstrings.

He carried it with him down to Wapping Old Stairs, along the Ratcliffe Highway, and over London Bridge. And when he got home he unburdened himself to his wife.

"PITIFUL, Clara, that's what it was. There was a kind of awful loneliness in it, all the sadness of centuries. Know what I mean?"

"If you don't eat your supper, Jim, you'll have it cold."

Mr. Biddleworth pecked thoughtfully at his Welsh rarebit.

"Harrowing, that's what it was. And I've been thinking of the poor devil ever since. An exile, Clara, far from his native land. Pining, that's what he was, pining for his own people, the sampans, the rickshas, the paddy-fields and lotus blossoms, and—well, you understand."

A faint smile crossed Clara's lips as she looked at her husband.

"Yes, I understand."

Mr. Biddleworth kept his eyes carefully on his plate.

"Er," he muttered, "thought I'd like to help him."

"Jim! A gambler! Do you mean to say——"

"We pass through this world but once," interrupted Mr. Biddleworth. "Any kind action we can do——"

Mr. Biddleworth generally got his own way. The fare to Hong Kong, he discovered, was £45. He was beaming all over his face the next morning, hardly ate his breakfast for excitement.

"CAN'T you just picture that poor devil's joy, Clara, when he smells the sun of his native land again? Grand!"

Mr. Biddleworth was making no mistakes. He was going to buy the ticket himself, and see his charge safely into the train.

So Li Hung Soo was bundled into a taxi, and there, on the way to Leadenhall Street, he learned of Mr. Biddleworth's intention.

He wept with happiness.

"Sir—you too kind. Me not deserve."

"Forget it," said Mr. Biddleworth, heartily. "Here we are at the shipping agency."

Shipping agency? Li Hung Soo looked blank.

"But, sir, me no want."

"But hang it all!" said Mr. Biddleworth, "this is where you book for Hong Kong, or Hang-Chow, or wherever——"

"Hong Kong!" cried Li Hung Soo. His face was wreathed in smiles, child-like, bland. "Sir—you no understand. Me want to go home, to be with my people."

"Well, that's all right," said Mr. Biddleworth. "Where——"

"Cardiff," beamed Li Hung Soo, happily. "Twenty-eight and tenpence. Oh, sir—I so pleased!"

Well, Just Imagine That!

I USED to know a man with a very peculiar idea. It was the idea that you needn't do anything or be anything. It was enough to imagine that you'd done it or were it.

This was his argument:

It wasn't the millions of people who bought "David Copperfield" who made that work a great book. It would have been just as great if only ten people had bought it. It would have been just as great if only one person had bought it.

Its *popularity* had nothing to do with its *greatness*.

It would have been just the same work of art if *nobody* had bought it. Its greatness was in the vivid imagination of Charles Dickens, not in the pocket of somebody who wanted a book to read.

Therefore (this man I knew argued) it would have been just as great *if Dickens had never written it*. So long as he imagined it. . . .

A silly theory, you'll say. You couldn't translate *that* into practice.

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All the same, this man I knew tried to. He was one of the oddest creatures I ever knew. In the end, partly because of his theory, no doubt, he died in a doss-house.

There! you say.

But I knew another man who *did* everything; answered telephones, dashed in and out of doors, wore shoes out tearing about—and died in a doss-house.

So what?

I *wish* there was something in this very peculiar idea of the man I used to know.

If only Hitler had had the same notion. If only he hadn't wanted large sales and loud applause. If only the idea had been enough.

It might have got him, in the end, no farther than a doss-house. But where is All This going to get him?

If only Napoleon had had the same notion. And all the rest of the big noises.

★ ★ ★

You may have noticed that the people who *imagine* they are Napoleon are no trouble at all. We put them away in padded cells and there's never any more fuss.

About fifty years from now hundreds of people will imagine they are Hitler. There'll be no bother about it. They will be put away in padded cells and all will be quiet.

It's the men who don't imagine it. The men who *know*.

If it isn't the thousands who buy your books, if it isn't the millions who march in front of you cheering, if it's just the theory—well, how can we drive it home?

It might not be so much *fun* for the next one. No limelight. No glory. Just sitting at home thinking about it.

And in the end, of course, he might die in a doss-house.

But then!!!

A. G.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

You can't be sure what will happen to Britain's precious land after the war

Take Care Before "Buying" Land!

AFTER all the publicity given to the subject, most people should now realise that land—for both agricultural and housing purposes—will be one of the Government's greatest problems after the war.

And I think it is essential that *any* financial scheme in which sales of land are concerned should in future be looked at through a magnifying glass.

They Lost

A few months ago I reported a very ambitious land scheme in Hampshire, and told intending buyers that the man behind the scenes had for nearly forty years been worth watching.

Investors in previous companies he had controlled had lost tens of thousands of pounds—all irrecoverable.

Now it is coming to my knowledge—as I felt sure it would—that subscribers to his latest venture are beginning to wonder whether they were unwary in not making inquiries before handing over their money.

Unfortunately, they were not among my regular readers.

There are now other adventurers operating land schemes, and in this article I want to warn the public very specially against one of them. It is so menacing that it calls for the widest publicity.

Displayed advertisements are appearing about the scheme's golden potentialities, and their wording has clearly been designed to attract people likely to take for granted all that is claimed.

Principal rôle is filled by a certain Mr. Albert Frederick Roberts, whose agile brain is behind a concern called the "British Business Trust," with present headquarters in Horseferry Road, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

Roberts makes it quite clear to applicants, who are invited to see him either at the Horseferry Road address or in a hut adjacent to a farm near Worth, Sussex, that the land he offers is "most valuable."

Yet he does not sell it outright, as any reputable person would do, but on a curious "after-the-war" basis.

In different sections, he tells clients, the land can be used for farming or housing—or both!

Sales are restricted to one acre, half an acre or a quarter of an acre. A quarter costs £100, half £150, and an entire acre £250.

There are many extraordinary points about this very odd project, and one of the most outstanding is that the deeds of the land, and the conveyancing or possession of it, cannot be arranged until **after the war.**

But substantial deposits have to be handed over at once if you want to participate in what is described as a great opportunity.

To any readers tempted to enter into negotiations with the "British Business Trust," I most urgently say, "Steer clear!"

Roberts is a first-rate crook, of the most polished and successful type, who first came under the eyes of the authorities in 1924.

"Farming" and "Agriculture" have always been his chief aims.

He has obtained, in one guise or another, huge sums out of the public in the last twenty years.

Once he was the "Egg and Poultry Direct Supply Company." In that he not only deceived would-be buyers of eggs and poultry, but men appointed by him as "agents," who had to pay big sums for jobs that eventually proved to be mythical.

Man of Myths

On another occasion he was the richly named "Farm Commodities, Limited," in which numerous people were caught by his clever but dishonest business machinery.

In some of his swindling ventures he has pretended to have "depots" in counties as far apart as Sussex, Norfolk, Devonshire, and Suffolk. All were mythical.

He has always been a spectacular criminal, with big money as his aim, but has never minded paying the penalty when caught.

This is because he knows how to make sure of a good run before the authorities can secure sufficient information to round him up.

In all, Roberts has eight convictions for fraud—the last but one being in 1940, when, from an accommodation address in High Holborn, London, E.C., he was running a bogus business called the "British Business Amalgamations."

Not much different in name—or methods—to his present "British Business *Trust*."

Scathing comments have been made about him by magistrates and others. Mr. Waddy, when sentencing him some time ago at the Thames Police Court for false pretences, said, "I cannot imagine a more cruel fraud."

Ticket-of-Leave

Actually, it was only last April that he emerged from jail, on ticket-of-leave, after serving a sentence of penal servitude for fraudulent conversion.

Please take this hint:

Not only keep this rogue's name in mind, and the facts and methods I have mentioned above, but do not speculate one penny in any land deal until you have obtained expert advice about its true character.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. W. M. Allcroft, Well Bank, Hasingden, Lancs, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are invited about any suspected scandal or ramp that calls for investigation. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 92, 3, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HUMAN MACHINE

Old as Old

It is strange, when you look at the world's literature, how all through the ages wise men and women have pointed out to the rest of us the simple essentials of happiness, and how persistently we have always ignored their wisdom!

The recipe for happiness is as old as old. It is not difficult simply to be content with what we have instead of pining for what we have not, to savour the full flavour of life instead of ignoring most of its joys, to share our content and our interests, and to be conscious of our superiority over circumstances.

And this last above all. Unless we feel, really feel, that we are Lords of our world, Masters of our surroundings, Captains of our souls, we shall never be happy in all our lives.

We have only to open our eyes and look around us to see what a vast number of pleasant and beautiful and hopeful things the world contains. If we persist in keeping them shut—that's our own fault.

"God help us all," wrote a great novelist many years ago, "it is a funny world! To see people skipping all around us with their eyes sealed up with indifference, knowing nothing of the earth or man or woman, going automatically to offices and saying they are happy or unhappy out of a sense of duty, I suppose; surely at least from no *sense* of happiness or unhappiness, unless perhaps they have a tooth that twinges!

"Is it not like a bad dream? Why don't they stamp their feet upon the ground and awaken? There is the moon rising in the east, and there are persons with their hearts broken and still glad and conscious of the world's glory up to the point of pain; and behold they know nothing of all this! I should like to kick them into consciousness, damp gingerbread puppets as they are!"

It was all summed up by a great philosopher poet: "The will of a man is his happiness."

He Hadn't Any Apples!

SO many poor people are being duped by "tip and run" advertisers who use the columns of newspapers with only small, local circulations that those responsible for accepting such announcements should exercise much more care in their selections.

It has come to my notice, and to that of the Advertising Association's officials, that all kinds of devices are now being used by some types of advertisers to conceal their identity.

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These include the use of newspaper and agency box numbers, accommodation addresses, Post Office boxes and Poste Restante.

The Advertising Association is, of course, *the* authority in these matters.

"Regarding accommodation addresses," it says, "these are required to be registered with the police, who have the right to make inquiries, and where newspaper and periodical box numbers are used the proprietors usually require preliminary information for the protection of their readers."

Unfortunately, most of the local newspapers used do not belong to the Advertising Association, and therefore there is no Trade jurisdiction over them at all.

One provincial paper, for instance, recently advertised "Apples for Sale, 48 lb. lots, at controlled price, delivered free."

A reader—to give one typical case—sent £1 12s. in a registered envelope to the advertiser, who turned out to be a "Mr. Fisher," of "The Cot," Bascote Heath, Rugby.

He did not even receive a receipt, and when he wrote a fortnight later, his letter came back through the Dead Letter Department of the Post Office marked "Gone Away."

Inquiries I have made show that numerous complaints are now being lodged with the police by other dupes, but the identity of the elusive "Mr. Fisher" has not yet been established.

It is more than probable, as is often the case with advertisers of this type, that "Fisher" may now be advertising something else from some other (temporary) address.

★ ★ ★

In recent months I have received complaints about many other "tip and run" advertisement raiders who have secured money in advance for miscellaneous goods which never arrived, including bicycles, skates, second-hand clothes, furniture, cameras, shoes, radio sets, saccharine—and so on.

I advise everyone who has been caught in this way to do two things—communicate with their local police headquarters at once, and write to the newspaper in which the tell-tale "ad." appeared.

AND ONCE MORE I SAY TO ALL—DON'T SEND MONEY IN ADVANCE TO UNKNOWN ADVERTISERS.

WILL SCOTT, roaming London, makes the astonishing discovery that—

Even Dukes Take Off Their Boots

I SUPPOSE that when this war is over a rash of statues will begin to spread across the land. A rash of statues usually spreads across a land after a war. It's the ordinary procedure.

If a rash of statues spreads across this land after the war nobody will be surprised. And that seems to me to be a point. *Nobody will be surprised.*

When it comes to statues I don't think you could surprise a soul. Unless, perhaps, you erected a statue on its head. And even then I doubt very much if one person in a million would raise an eyelid.

I'm wondering about statues.

I began to wonder when, the other day, I stood outside the Royal Exchange and looked up at the Duke of Wellington who, in bronze, has been staring haughtily at the hub of the universe for a few generations.

The statue of the Duke of Wellington outside the Royal Exchange is well worth looking at. As statues go it is different. There the Duke sits, without stirrups, without saddle, even without his boots on! Nobody seems to know how this came about in the first place. The Duke himself was present at the unveiling, but he didn't seem to care. Why, then, should anybody else?

Yes, it made me begin to wonder about statues. I set out to have a look round.

Nobody Cares

Sir John Soane designed much of the old Bank of England in 1788. The designers of the new Bank have, therefore, placed a statue of him in the north wall. But nobody takes the slightest notice! I watched for five minutes the other day. Sir John Soane leaves London cold.

Just behind the Exchange Mr. George Peabody sits in marble and seems to wonder why nobody cares a straw. George Peabody, an American, gave over half a million pounds to the poor of London and refused an English title. Surely he is worth a glance. But he doesn't get it.

I found two pigeons sitting on George Peabody's shoulders, but never a passing Londoner even looked at that.

I began to wander farther afield.

There was Queen Anne in front of St. Paul's. Now surely Queen Anne is worth a passing stare. We have all heard of her (at least I used to suppose so), but none of us knows what she did. You'd think we'd be curious to know what she looks like.

We're not.

Dr. Johnson, gaping away on his pedestal under the ruined walls of St. Clement Dane's, down in the Strand, was completely ignored. Looking at him, I wondered what he would have had to say if he could have been there.

I went on. In Trafalgar Square I was by now prepared to find Nelson ignored by Englishmen, but I wasn't quite prepared to find George Washington ignored by Americans.

He was! Two Doughboys passed him by without a look. They were debating the merits of a film they had just seen. Other American soldiers went past in a car. None of them looked at George. You tell the truth all your life and that's how you're treated!

King George IV, too, refused to wear his boots

Only one person in all London was even near the statue of Nurse Cavell round the corner. He was a sailor with a green suitcase. He wasn't sufficiently interested to look up. He was waiting for a 'bus, or probably a pal. I don't know what the statue of Nurse Cavell cost, but its chief use now seems to be that of a meeting-place.

Nobody was looking at the statue of Sir Henry Irving in Charing Cross Road, either. But in this case they couldn't. Somebody has walled Sir Henry in, in case he gets damaged by bombs. Why? Don't ask me. Probably the idea is that one Irving is worth five Cavells or a dozen Nelsons. All I know is that the others are left to take pot luck and he isn't.

Charles the First, at the top of Whitehall, has even more good friends than Sir Henry Irving. They've taken him away altogether. Can he be, in bronze, the best-loved statue in London? He wasn't, in life, the best-loved man. Then how does it come about?

In Leicester Square I found a couple of newspaper-reading men turning their backs on Shakespeare. The rest of the people in the square simply went about their business. Shakespeare went on looking wiser—wiser, perhaps, than he was when he lived.

Ready to Talk

Down at Westminster Canning stood alone. Not a single Londoner gave a hoot. Under trees near by, Palmerston, Derby, Peel, Beaconsfield also stood alone. Never an eye was turned in their direction.

Over the way an earlier shock was repeated. Two American soldiers walked unheeding past Abraham Lincoln, who seemed to be sticking out his chest and clearing his throat in readiness to protest.

In Buckingham Palace Road Foch sat his horse in terrible isolation. And as American soldiers had passed Lincoln and Washington without a glance, so here without a glance five French soldiers passed Foch.

It was a strange experience. I had walked across miles of London without seeing one solitary person so much as glance at the dozens of statues which, presumably, dignify our streets.

Have we ceased to be statue-minded? Indeed, were we ever statue-minded? Who started carving people in stone and casting them in bronze? And were they ever asked to do so?

They Cost a Lot

How much has been spent on the statues in London alone? Thousands of pounds, most likely. It may be tens of thousands. Has all that money been poured down the drain?

Of what use is a statue if not to be looked at? And if nobody will look at it, what's the use?

Statues are mysterious things. How do you go about having one erected? To whom do you apply?

Is there a Comptroller of Statues sitting comfortably in some office somewhere waiting for somebody to come along and have his great-uncle put up in granite?

If *you* wanted a statue put up, how would you go about it in the first place?

Nobody seems able to tell me.

Yet the things don't pop up overnight.

What with the Comptroller (if he exists) and the sculptor and the monumental mason, who makes the bottom part, and the surveyor, who looks after the site, and the workmen, who put the thing up, a statue is quite a business.

And then there are people who go round occasionally and clean the things.

But the point is, nobody cares. Nobody ever looks at the things. So what is all the bother about?

Yet when this war is over I suppose a new rash of statues will begin to spread across the land. Committees will get busy.

The Comptroller and the sculptors and the monumental masons and the surveyors and the workmen will get busy. Speeches will be made, covers will be taken off, bands will play.

And, for ever after, ordinary citizens will pass by and take no notice. . . .

Have we here the world's craziest trade? Something which everybody tolerates and nobody wants?

I must add that I found one statue in all London which people *were* looking at. Including a puzzled-looking Czechoslovakian soldier.

I found it far away at the top side of Hyde Park.

It was a statue of somebody who never existed!

The statue of Peter Pan.

Start Out To-day

THERE'S more roads in life than we can tread, there's so many ways that call, but the road whereon our duty lies, in the end, is best of all. There's roads of pleasure to tempt our hearts, rose-strewn and with laughter gay; how hard, then, to do as conscience bids and turn from the easy way.

BUT the road to take is plain to see, though it may not look green and fair. Though it holds the shadow of a cross upon it, which we must bear. How natural to long to turn aside on life's sunny afternoon, and for our heart to cry within our breast, "must we take that road so soon?"

YET we know the answer all the time, and we know there's no time to lose; life holds so many beckoning roads, with but one right one to choose. And that is the way that we must go, unless our part we shirk, though it be a road of loneliness, of hardship, and thankless work.

BUT on that road there are treasures such as we'll not find anywhere. For God knows how hard is duty's road, and He places great treasures there. So travel the road your conscience bids; keep smiling, though all looks gray; for duty's road is the way of the soul; start out on that road to-day!

J. M.

VOIC

★ Have you an interesting l... from a relative in the Forces? ... GUINEA will be paid for each ... published—more if a good adven... story used at greater length... all the letters are returned. 10s. ... for Readers' Views. Address ... letters to "Voice," JOHN BU... 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

It's awkward when the wro... patient is on the table!

A SLIGHT case of mist... identity on the operating-t... at a military hospital is ... ingly described by Cpl. Johnstone, R.E.M.E., serving ... the C.M.F., in a letter to his ... at Ashcroft Road, Ipswich:

While I was in hospital I had a ... a surprise when I was carried ... "another room" and put on the ... ing-table in mistake for another ...

It happened so quickly that I w... surprised to ask questions. When ... turned to the ward there was a sur... on wheels at my bedside waiting to ... me away, but this did not distur... as I thought that I was going in ... X-ray.

Arriving in the operating-th... everything was true to Army trad... it was all hustle and bustle, ... course, being a good soldier I di... was told.

Then, lying on the operating-tabl... hearing the preliminary jingle o... gical instruments being placed ... "ready" made my heart pound a... faster. I was just composing in my ... a short speech of mild protest, ... the surgeon arrived . . . a most ex... chap of sound judgment, I thoug...

He took a good look at me and d... at once that I was the wrong cust... Was I relieved—and did I laugh ... incident, afterwards! But the h... of the situation was not so obvi... me as I lay on the operating-tabl...

Dances from the Caucasus

A Red Army concert show w... pleasant and unexpected change ... men serving with the P.A.I. Fo... Sapper Eric Bloch, R.E., writes to ... father at Esmond Road, Bed... Park, London:

In the evening I had a grand ti... I was able to attend a Red Army c... show given by about sixty perfo... all straight from the Caucasian fo...

They sang beautiful and stirring ... and danced with the abandon o... race, with the result that some o... dance numbers were feats of acr... skill. Their Cossack dance with...

OF THE TROOPS

s was thrilling to watch, and
d a bit dangerous, but there were
sualties.
e chorus was in uniform; white
s, black breeches, jackboots, and
Browne belts. The conductor, a
, wore the Order of Lenin. It was
first-class variety, and you should
heard the applause!

neside Man on Indian Famine

*Famine in India is the chief topic
many letters from men serving in
t unfortunate country. A.C. W.
an, R.A.F., writes to his wife at
adway, Forest Hall, Newcastle-on-
ne:*

passed through some of the
ne-stricken areas, and the sights
were enough to make strong men
or curse. The people we saw were
ng skeletons; men with loose skin
ing where their buttocks should
been, gaunt, sunken-eyed women
e bones protruded through their
carrying babies who were little
elled caricatures of what they
ld have been. There was an air of
less misery and dejection about
poor devils who have mostly ceased
re whether they live or die.
e gave away most of our rations,
hat was like a drop from a bucket
his ocean of human misery. I have
starving people fighting like snarl-
animals to get a scrap of food, and
ve seen some of them collapse at the
side, too weak from starvation to
e any more.
the time we were seeing these
gs there were reassuring statements
Mr. Amery, Secretary of State for
, that the situation was easier. You
ld have read some of the comments
he newspapers out here!
owever, life out here is interesting,
n you get away from the horrors of
ne.

Sirocco

*Bright and breezy is Sister A.
atthews, serving at Military
eneral Hospital in the Middle East.
e writes to a friend at Denbigh,
orth Wales:*

e work like hell when on duty, but
lay like hell when off duty, so every-
is quite happy. The only time I
ed myself back in England was a
ago when we had what is known
sirocco, which is a terrific hot wind
seems to burn the skin and sends
mercury right up to the top of the
mometers, enough to bust 'em.
blew down several wards and carried
n away as if they had been made of
er.
e were in the Sisters' mess tent
ng a nice cup of tea when the sirocco
ck us. In a matter of seconds there
jam, tomatoes, bread-and-butter,
r and ourselves all mixed up in a
, and the tea-urn was sent flying.
e had a shower-bath of piping hot

here was great excitement while it
ed, but our sense of humour came to
rescue, and a difficult situation was
with the calmness of the Boy on the
ning Deck, . . . and burning tea isn't
comfortable, either!
n the whole, I prefer the sort of
is we get back home, they are more
eel and mannerly.

Earthquake

*Earth tremors and earthquakes all
d to the excitement of life out in
dia. Bdr. D. Robb, R.A., writes to
s mother at Helen Street, Arbroath,
cotland:*

d you hear on the wireless about the
h tremors we have had out here?
It was a surprise. I was lying in my bed trying to go to sleep, when I heard a deep rumble, which I thought was thunder. Then I felt the bed begin to shake as if it were rocked by a giant, careless of his strength. Seconds passed and it became worse, and then it came to me that this might be an earthquake, so I decided to get up.

By this time the floor was behaving like a rough sea, and men were shouting, "It's an earthquake," as if they had exclusive information. By this time everybody was fumbling about in the dark for boots that were not there, and striking matches, burning their fingers and saying things. The lights had failed.

It was a bit unsettling in the full sense of the word, but there were no casualties, and all is well with your young hopeful.

Sign Language

The language difficulty is a pressing problem, but in India Forces have evolved a system of signs which sometimes bring about unexpected results. A.C.I. D. Anderson, R.A.F., writes to his parents at Baringham, Richmond, Yorks:

The other day we were trying to scrounge some eggs for tea, but found it difficult to make the Indians understand what we wanted. I had a brainwave and proceeded to cackle like a hen, dropping a stone behind me as if I had just laid an egg, then I cackled some more.

At this the native looked intelligent, and we saw the light of understanding dawn in his eyes. Our hopes ran high, only to fall with a crash when he returned with six live cock birds. I don't think that my imitation of a hen was as bad as all that!

At this we abandoned our system of sign-language, but I am afraid that our English took a turn for the worst, but we did eventually get eggs for our tea.

With the training I have had in these parts I should be able to earn a modest living doing animal impersonations on the music-hall stage when I get home. You should hear me make a noise like a cow when we go to buy milk!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

"COME, Sweet Death," by Bach, was the title of a record broadcast to the Forces recently. Just the thing to cheer up the boys and their relatives!—R. A. Tuck, Wallington, Surrey.

★ ★ ★

There is much slackness at Employment Exchanges. At our local exchange a girl with a skin disease affecting her hands was sent to a butcher's shop to handle meat!—"Carnivorous," Darlington.

★ ★ ★

Does Mr. Dalton consider an invalid's pillow-case a luxury? I now have to pay 4s. 9d. for one which cost a shilling before the war.—"Invalid," Burnley, Lancs.

★ ★ ★

Glasgow coalmen who carry coal from lorry to bunker are paid a higher rate than miners who hew the coal!—R. Brown, Clifford Street, Glasgow.

★ ★ ★

"The public must cut down the consumption of gas"—so we did! Now our gas-stove has been removed as not enough gas was consumed. What is one to do?—"Soldier's Wife," Mansfield, Notts.

★ ★ ★

Careless talk, indeed! I recently overheard two soldiers mentioning in a loud voice the password for the night at an important depot.—D. A., Derby.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

Should Old People Live Alone?

ONE reader thinks we are devoting so much attention to the young people that we are in danger of forgetting the problems of the old.

As one who has had practical experience of living with an old parent (he says), I submit that something should be done to eliminate the necessity of old people having to live with the young.

In the majority of cases, one member of the family has to sacrifice the best years of his or her life on behalf of a parent. This is not always the wish of the parent: it is brought about because there is no alternative.

In post-war housing schemes consideration should be given to providing small blocks of apartment houses for old people, where each could have a private bed-sitting-room with central heating, a common dining-room and reading-room, and all so organised that there would be no charity touch connected with it.

The pensions should be ample to pay for accommodation, so as to free old people from the feeling of becoming a burden to their children, and also freeing younger people from the sense of bondage.

FOR a young person do be tied to an aged parent until the young person is over fifty is absolutely wrong. When the parent does eventually pass away it is too late for the son or daughter to do the things he or she has always wanted to do.

I imagine that a good many readers will agree with what this man says, particularly those who have had to refuse marriage because they cannot leave a widowed mother.

But I am sure that many others will protest, accusing the young people of selfishness.

Such a letter as I have quoted would be dismissed with indignation by the people of China, for example, where parents are treated with the greatest reverence.

Some old people like to live with their grown-up children and feel that they have a right to be with them. Others would not sacrifice their independence at any price.

I have a friend over 80 years of age (writes a woman reader) who lives quite alone. She has never married and has no relations in the world.

I get a bit worried about her as she occasionally has fainting fits. I have advised her to have a companion to live with her, but she pooh-poohs the idea, saying she is capable of looking after herself.

She says she would not be afraid to die alone.

In view of the discussions on post-war health services, I feel that something ought to be done about these old people. They would hate to go to an institution, but surely someone could keep a watchful eye on them?

I know of many cases of old people who have no one to look after them in their declining years, and I think it might be a good idea if daily visitors could go round to see that they are not neglected. What do you think about it?

People of her age need someone to look after them

It is disquieting to think of old people of 80 without a relative to look after them, but I think the daily visitor idea is more likely to come from the churches than from the State.

A State official might not be welcomed at all, whereas a voluntary social worker who does such things would be received. There must be thousands of such visitors already doing such work.

A feeling of being independent is admirable, but it can be carried too far. The old man or woman who is completely cut off from friends and neighbours is paying too high a price for it.

That idea mentioned in the first letter—apartment houses for the old—is not new by any means; but it has been too often associated with the almshouse. The scheme would be a godsend to younger people, and a great many old folks would be glad of it. But not all.

DOZENS of readers wrote to me about the finest moment of their lives, and I have just room to quote one of the many I received.

The supreme moment of my whole life, writes a man, occurred one morning in 1918 when I woke up in my hospital and looked around. I felt a bit scared because I found my bed covered with decorations, and nurses standing round and smiling at me.

Then a voice spoke and I saw a high army officer looking me straight in the eyes—and smiling, too. I was so scared that I tried to hide under the bedclothes but I was hauled into a sitting position.

It was then the supreme moment of my 18 years of life when the officer pinned on my pyjama jacket a medal which I did not know had been awarded to me. He gripped my hand and said something about bravery on the field of battle.

It took me a full month to live down that act of bravery. The nurses saw to that!

My thanks to all the readers who wrote about the subject. Another week there may be room to quote some others.

Fireside gardening!

No resting on spades for Victory Diggers this year! Home-grown fresh vegetables will be more important than ever—especially winter greens. But a *plan* is needed as well as a *plot*.

What do I do...?

While frost and bad weather hold up garden operations, I work out my planting scheme. If I have not got a copy of the Ministry of Agriculture's Cropping Plan, I post off the coupon below *at once*.

To Ministry of Agriculture (Dept. W.D.O), Hotel Lindum, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs.
Please send Dig for Victory Leaflet No. 20 and 'Cropping Plan.'

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Issued by the Ministry of Information

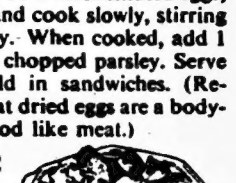
Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

2 EGG RECIPES SPECIALLY *for the* CHILDREN

SCRAMBLED EGG FILLING

Fry a chopped rasher of bacon till crisp. Pour on 2 reconstituted eggs, seasoned, and cook slowly, stirring occasionally. When cooked, add 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Serve hot, or cold in sandwiches. (Remember that dried eggs are a body-building food like meat.)

THREE BEARS BREAD PUDDING



2 or 3 slices bread cut in small cubes; 1 pint milk; ½ oz. margarine; 1 tablesp. sugar; 1 dried egg, reconstituted; pinch salt; ½ teasp. spice.

Heat milk and margarine, pour on bread. Leave to cool. Mix remaining ingredients, and add to bread mixture. Bake 20-30 mins.

DOUBLE RATION for CHILDREN

Children holding green books are allowed 4 packets Dried Eggs per book during present 4-week period

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

LAST LAUGH

E. W. (Cambridge).—"A typist has written a novel on her typewriter." And why not? Every typewriter has a novel in it. It's simply a matter of striking the keys in the right order.

Bos (Bootle). — "Now we have women in the Army can't we put them on a job likely to make them more useful when they return to civil life?" But they can't all be put into the cookhouse.

W. W. (London). — "Would you give £100 for a piano, knowing it cost only £5?" We might . . . if it was in the flat above.

G. H. (Halifax).—"Every German who opens his mouth to voice his sufferings is not beheaded, is he?" No, some have only a tooth extracted.

D. D. (Ely). — "Under doctor's orders I have eschewed one article of food after another, and yet I have stomach trouble." Why not try chewing in place of eschewing?

N. D. (Daventry). — "Compared with my present standing, I wonder what position I should have been in had I gone to Australia." Upside down.

P. K. (Shefford).—"When the summons was heard concerning the motorist who had driven at a fast rate the evidence of wrongdoing was overwhelming." So the magistrate came to a speedy conclusion!

D. N. (Boston).—"It is a thrill to see a familiar, well-loved book on a stranger's bookshelf." Not if you see your familiar name on the fly-leaf and realise the volume has reached the friend of a friend of the friend who borrowed it from you.

D. W. (Ashford).—"An India-rubber Man appearing with an American circus has just celebrated his seventieth birthday." It was in 1874 that he started as a bouncing baby

G. H. (Islington).—"A Hollywood film actress attacked a Press photographer in a restaurant." It appears he was deliberately pointing his camera not at her.

D. W. (Windsor).—"Tea by the fireside is an old-established English custom." The only difference nowadays is that the query "One lump or two?" refers to the coal.

J. L. (Leeds). — "A London woman sees things considerably larger than they actually are." Her butcher says it is a pleasure to serve her.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Funny a bomber should come all the way from Germany and just do this. Must 'ave been some careless talk!"

Side-Slips

SHEFFIELD STAR:—"RELENTING Russian attacks over several days have worn the enemy. . ."

YORKSHIRE GAZETTE:—". . . the LOAN was gradually poked into the van . . ."

EGYPTIAN MAIL:—"He scored 2,132 runs for the county and hit 39 COUNTIRES."

MERTHYR EXPRESS:—"The chairman, in presenting a grandmother CLERK to . . ."

NORTHERN DESPATCH:—". . . were found in the TURNIPS of B———'s trousers."

WORCESTER EVENING NEWS:—"She would let only to an elderly COUPON or to a woman."

NEWS CHRONICLE:"A brass BANK struck up . . ."

£100 plus Radio—"Bullets" 1,400

Leading Aircraftsman C. Jones, 776144, Somewhere-in-Britain, for this "Bullet":

A NEW WORLD "VINEYARD" BEYOND THIS "VESUVIUS."

£10: W. J. Griffiths, 41, The Rose Walk, Newhaven.
Men Who Fought—Should Never Wonder Why.

£5: J. W. Leigh, 9, Strathaird Ave., Barrow.
Shopping in War-time—No Variety—"So?" Sleeplessness.

£4: Mrs. D. Mackay, Dalmore, Rogart, Sutherland.
The World Awake—Bursting Of Teheran "Time-bomb."

£3: R. Berwick, 42, Moorland Rd., Plympton.
Behind The Barbed Wire—"Escape." "Getting Through" Exam.

£2: W. H. Blackshaw, 52, Charles St., Crewe.
A New World—Across "Ocean" Of Blood!

£75 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

6 Prizes of 30s.:
W. J. Clark, 40, Bickham Rd., St. Boleans.
A New Alarm—Price Stopped Sandy Sleeping!
A. T. Docherty, 1, Maxwell St., Port Glasgow.
Out Of The Darkness—Into Head-lights—Then "Shadow."
T. McVay, 6, Harker St., Sutton-in-Craven, Keighley.
When Spring Comes—Germany's "Winter" Cast Behind!
H. D. Mason, 41, St. Luke's Tce., Sunderland.
Into Germany—Take Hope, Then Hope!
Mrs. S. Roberts, 4, Bramder Drive, Leeds.
Point Of The Pish—Now "Sharp" As Bayonet's.
A. W. Watling, 35, Chapel Rd., Bexley Heath.
Men Who Fought—Remember, We'll Remember Also.
A list of 25 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 330 PRIZES WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 151

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudicating Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order F—R—J—B entered by following 18 competitors, who thus share £75:—H. Ballard, Leeds; F. H. Brooks, Stokes Croft; G. Burchell, Wallsend; M. Cardwell, Blackpool; W. Chambers, Gravesend; W. H. Dormer, Tichfield; K. A. Hackett, Hounslow; Miss A. A. Harris, South Yardley; Cpl. C. M. Holmes, Somewhere-in-Britain; W. D. Mouse, nr. Burkenhead; G. J. Jenkins, Skewen; S. Jones, Hutchinson; L/Cpl. J. Moffitt, Somewhere-in-Britain; Mrs. H. A. Piggott, Shoreham-by-Sea; Tpr. R. Rouse, Somewhere-in-Britain; Mrs. F. E. Tonsperti, Rivenoak; C. F. Wilcock, nr. Halifax; S. Young, Oldham.
Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 84 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above—2nd Runners-up Awards for 238 entrants with FIRST TWO.
CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

NO TIME LOST CLEANING WINDOWS

I POUR WINDOLENE ON TO A SOFT CLOTH—
SPREAD IT OVER—THE WHOLE WINDOW—IT FORMS A WHITE FILM
LET IT DRY A MOMENT—GIVE A QUICK POLISH—AND THE GLASS SPARKLES!

Busy housewife war-workers, who have to plan every minute of their day, can't afford to lose time cleaning windows the old bucket-and-water way. No wonder there's such a demand for Windolene. Windolene does away with hard rubbing—cleans in a jiffy. It removes grease and fly marks, gives a rich, lasting gloss. Use it for mirrors and picture glass, too. From all grocers and ironmongers, 1/2 per bottle

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

Behind its wartime label 'CAMP' COFFEE is still of pre-war strength

Although the makers of 'Camp' have restricted the bottle labels to one standard size, with modified printing, in order to meet Government regulations, the ingredients of 'Camp' remain as ever—good coffee, chicory and sugar, *and nothing else.*

You can still get as many cups of good coffee from each bottle of 'Camp' as you used to enjoy before the war. Like other good things, supplies of 'Camp' Coffee are limited, but you should get your share if you ask your grocer for 'Camp' by name.

GREATEST OF THESE

● There was no coal in the house when a JOHN BULL man called. And the day was bitter.

Mrs. Wilson was nursing the baby, which had just been sent home from hospital as incurable. Three other children—the eldest is only five—were trying to forget the cold.

Father (his full name is James Joseph Wilson) is a decent fellow. Everyone says so. You can't blame him if his family lives in the bleakest poverty.

He was a strong fellow when he joined the Army in 1930. But eight years later he was discharged with chronic bronchitis. He enlisted again when war broke out, and again had to be discharged.

Now the chest trouble has affected his heart, and he is very ill. Far too ill to work.

True, he gets a pension. But it isn't enough to buy all the food the family wants—or coal.

That is why we tell you about Mr. Wilson. We want you to make it possible for us to help this Leeds man and others in as desperate a plight.

All donations are pooled and allocated equitably at the committee's discretion among all deserving cases on our books.

Please send a subscription—however small—to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking your envelope "War Sufferers." We'll gladly send an acknowledgment, though we're just as grateful to anonymous donors.

Lists of current subscriptions are available on request—and JOHN BULL bears all the costs of administration.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

"JOHN BULL'S" WAR TIME BOOK SERVICE TO READERS!

I wonder how indestructible glass is made.
How are stockings made from wood?
How to make glass that makes spectacles?
How is milk condensed? And how do cowkins get their tops?

How's it done?
Here's the Book to tell you!

What materials make brightly coloured pins?
How do trees become paper books?
How can the blind make my money?
How is flood fruit stoned?
How are plastic cabbages made?
How are matches made?

EVERYDAY THINGS AND THEIR STORY

"John Bull's" Great NEW Book Never Before Published

Would you like to know how tinned peas are kept green? How stamps are made? How your cigarettes are produced? How fabric can be made from milk? The amazing story behind the manufacture of ordinary everyday things—there are hundreds and hundreds—are revealed in "John Bull's" Great New Book: "EVERYDAY THINGS AND THEIR STORY."

There are more than 320 pages, over 200 illustrations, and over 60,000 words in this amazing work. War time restrictions mean limited supplies. Post the Order-Label below today.

STANDARD EDITION bound in pale Blue Beckcloth, with printed design on cover and title on spine, costs only 5s. 3d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DE LUXE EDITION bound in rich Scarlet Morocco-grained Leathercloth, with design embossed on cover and title in Gold, and only 8s. 3d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW Fill in Order-Label, indicate Edition required and post with Postal Order for correct amount to: Odhams Press Ltd., "Everyday Things and Their Story," Book Dept. J.J.2, Kings Langley, Herts. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross & Co./. This offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. If sent N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be stated on label.

POST AT ONCE

BOOK WITH CARE Carriage Paid Home

Name .....

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Town ..... County .....

If undelivered return to Book Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., Kings Langley, Herts.

STANDARD EDITION 5/3
DE LUXE EDITION 8/3

Strike out Edition NOT required.

J.J.2. 5/2/44

H.E.P.

Excuse me— For INNER CLEANLINESS be regular with your ANDREWS

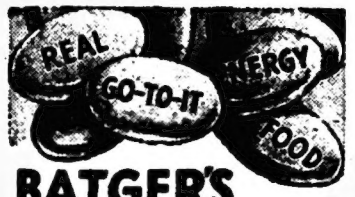
THE IDEAL TONIC LAXATIVE

When days are cold many prefer Andrews with the chill off

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

(60-14)



BATGER'S Silmos Lollies

ZONING

We are sorry that some of our customers will not be able to buy Silmos Lollies now. They will return again as one of the events of Victory.

Work a Pleasure

Evening finds HEALTHY WORKERS tired but happily content with a day's work well done.

KEEP HEALTHY and efficient? Nobody can afford to be handicapped by backache, stiff, aching joints, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders or any symptom due to sluggish kidney action.

Workers on the land and in the factory use and recommend Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for banishing these troubles. This special kidney medicine brings welcome relief by helping the kidneys to filter from the blood harmful impurities which cause the mischief.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

2/-, 3/5 (incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

"I don't worry about Backache, I take Doan's."

HARLEQUIN INTERVAL

THE ingredients that helped to make Harlequin Sponge Puddings famous are now unobtainable, so no more until victory is won and peace returns.

HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

INCREASED PRIZE-MONEY for 4 LETTERS!

CHEQUES for CHUCKLES in "LAUGH-LINES"

THERE'S lots of fun in this absorbing little Contest for prizes value over £100—and it's quick and easy to enter, too.

Make your entry by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS as directed on coupon. Then make sure you post it not later than Monday, February 14, and you may well join the hundreds of readers who have already won *Laugh-Lines* prizes in 1944!

£100 £75 FIRST PRIZE 1st and 2nd RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value over £25

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing Xword Skier to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Stinsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. Sonny's Writing—Hand That Rocks *Table*.
B. My Wife—Crack Shot With—*Dartboard!*
C. Dad Went Fishing, But—Drying Followed, Not Frying!
D. Said To The Sergeant—"Advance? Vet About Cover?"
E. Chilly Reception—"Slippers? In The *Refrigerator!*"
F. Sand In The Machinery—Of Our Hen, Apparently!
H. In A Hurry—Publican's Clock—Barmaid Isn't!
J. She Thinks She Can Sing, But—One Bar—One Bolts!
K. Full Of Fight—Fido—Of Fido, Alsatian!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST "LAUGH LINES"—ENTRY COIS BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £75

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in columns of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with "Bullets" entry.

1ST 2ND 3RD 4TH

FEE 2d PER COL. Is. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Feb. 26.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, FEB. 14.

155

OVER 330 "LAUGH-LINES" PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four words humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Ties decide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces in Britain if competing personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on conditions that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Mar. 4, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

£100 CASH PLUS £25 RADIO BULLETS DOUBLED 1st. RADIO and CAKES!

OTHER PRIZES £10-£5-£4 5-£2 and 25 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. Winners on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Feb. 25.

WONDERFUL WINSTON
A THOUSAND FITIES
PROMISED BY THE GOVERNMENT
LIFE OF A SOLDIER
THE ANSWER
DOWN THE MINE
SMOULDERING FIRE
NO GOOD TO ANYBODY
FLYING

BULLETS 1,469 RESULT appears on page 14

WAR-TIME MARRIAGE
SENSIBLE MOTHER
FOR THE OLD
GLAMOUR GIRLS
SAVES TROUBLE
UNDER THE COUNTER
DOING HIS BEST
NEEDS SPRING-CLEANING
IN SEARCH OF THRILLS
ANOTHER STORY
YOUNGSTER OF THE FUTURE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Make "Bullets" from them as usual.

WHEELS OF.....
NEEDS MORE.....
A WOMAN'S.....
THE REAL.....
ALL IN.....
ON GOES THE.....AND

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Feb. 26. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,413 Monday, FEB. 14

Signed .....

Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,413—or "Laugh-Lines" 155, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

More Mullard Valves are now available in radio dealers' shops all over the country. Ask YOUR dealer — and you will probably find that he has got the valve you have been wanting.
If not, he should be able to advise you of an alternative type that *is* available and that will be suitable for your radio.
If you still have difficulty, please write to us, stating the name and address of your dealer and the types of valve you need

MULLARD
THE MASTER VALVE

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE COMPANY LTD

CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2. (72A)

TIM-MOUSER

"I hate Larder Guard mouse-stalking practice. Can't they see I'm not well?"

"Am I dreaming—or is this really TIBS I see?"

"Broke the Larder Guard mousing record last night. I'm off to take fish with the sergeant!"

"TIBS" are tasteless in the cats' food or drink. Fromell chemists and corn merchants, 7d. for 3 or 1/6d. for 27.

100 PURRS IN EVERY PACKET

A product of Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport.

How young Johnny's shoes were saved!

Johnny's shoes were such a problem,
Boys will never play sedately,
Johnny wore them through in no time,
Johnny's Ma was worried greatly;
Then his Ma, inspired, decided
Goodyear Soles and Heels for John!
Now his shoes last so much longer
Since he's had his Goodyear's on!

Although Goodyear Soles and Heels, like so many things, aren't always obtainable just when you want them—it's so well worth while waiting for them. They not only make shoes last longer, but they help retain your shoes' good looks. Remember, ask your repairer to fit Goodyear!

GOODYEAR
SOLES & HEELS
For Men, Women and Children

When a kiss wrecks Romance . . .

Lovely complexion and long lashes can't charm your man—if Oral Offence spoils you in a "close up". Play safe! Ensure a fragrant mouth and gleaming teeth—use Colgate Dental Cream.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth spotless. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence — instantly!*

Play Safe!
USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY

How to clean the lavatory

TO clean the lavatory thoroughly and effectively, simply sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible.

Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration — effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes.

Harpic is easy to use—a real boon to the housewife.

Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round the S-bend. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

HARPIC

The COAL, GAS and ELECTRICITY you save help to build Merchant Ships

NOTE: A gas fire or electric oven uses 5lbs. of coal in 2 hours

We must SAVE FUEL for Battle

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POW

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